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Events of the Week.

THE Irish situation has both hardened and softened during the week. Monday night witnessed the extreme of arrogance to which the Tory-Orange Party have gone, followed, according to all reports, by a sharp reaction from it in the lobbies and among the Moderate Tory sections in both Houses of Parliament. The Prime Minister was met with a shower of questions calling on him to disclose the whole machinery, small and great, of the revised Home Rule Bill. Mr. Asquith's reply was to say that he must first know whether the "principle" of his proposals was accepted, for if not, it would be waste of time to discuss machinery and detail. Some answers, however, on points of representation, taxation, and election he did give, only to be met by a demand from Mr. Law for the full plan on the table, and from Sir Edward Carson by a violent interjection that it was now clear that the Prime Minister's offer was a "hypocritical sham." The Opposition then demanded a day for a vote of censure, which was fined down to a modest sentence, regretting the Government's refusal to "formulate" their new policy before the second reading debate. On the other side, the Prime Minister's attitude was at once clinched by Mr. Redmond, who, speaking at the Hotel Cecil, defined Mr. Asquith's "principles" as temporary exclusion coming automatically to an end in six years, and declaring these points to be "fixed and immutable." The Irish, therefore, seem to

bar out not merely permanent exclusion, but a reversal of the option.

THURSDAY saw a changed Opposition. Mr. Law's tone was pacific, and he made a definite tender, or rather two somewhat contradictory advances, to the Government. His first suggestion was that if the Prime Minister would declare the "principle" of his option to Ulster to be that she should not come in so long as she wished to stay out, abolishing the six years' term, he would take it as a "basis of discussion." Otherwise he rejected it. His second proposal was a formal offer that the Government should tack Bill and suggestions together and put them before the people by Referendum. For this he pledged Lord Lansdowne's word that the Lords would let the Bill through.

MR. ASQUITH refrained either from vetoing or from accepting this curious tender. He repudiated Mr. Law's doctrine that in civil war a soldier became a "citizen" and could use his own judgment, as striking at the root of society; and as to the Referendum drew from Mr. Bonar Law two admissions: First, that he would dispense with plural voting; and secondly, that if the Government won, they would have the right to "coerce" Ulster. But when Mr. Asquith went on to ask Sir Edward Carson whether Ulster would accept his leader's suggestion, Sir Edward drew back, with the complaint that he had not had a firm offer. The "offer," of course, was Mr. Bonar Law's. The Prime Minister then argued that his own scheme gave Ulster the greater freedom. Mr. Devlin and Mr. Dillon pressed strongly for the six years' limit. The independent Tory line was placable but vague, though the Moderates hinted that they would accept the Pirie motion in favor of a scheme of devolution. Sir Edward Carson, who is practically a rebel in arms, alone showed great violence of temper and speech. The Vote of Censure was lost by a majority of 93.

MR. CHURCHILL has delivered two speeches during the week that illustrate his command of rhetoric, his unequalled powers of literary composition, his gift for sharply visualizing the world of affairs, and also the heedlessness with which he uses these brilliant qualities. At Bradford, on Saturday, he traversed, with the skill of a great lawyer, the whole case for Ulster rebellion, concluding with an eloquent passage that the Government would not allow Britain to sink to the condition of Mexico, and if wild talk should disclose a "sinister and revolutionary purpose," the Liberal Party would go forward and "put these grave matters to the proof." In a long and clear argument he showed that the utmost concession offered by the revolutionists, if they got everything they wanted, was that they would let the Government off civil war. He warned the Orangemen of the "explosion" that would occur when the first British soldier or bluejacket was killed; insisted that every fair offer had been spurned; described Mr. Bonar Law as a "public danger," whose aim was to "force his way into the councils of the Sovereign," and declared that the larger issue was whether civil and Parliamen-

tary government was to be beaten down by the menace of armed force.

"Whatever sympathies we have for Ulster we need have no compunction here. It is the old battle-ground of English history. It is the issue fought out 250 years ago on the field of Marston Moor."

We cannot but think Mr. Churchill's speech on his estimates one of the most inconsiderate, if not the most dangerous, ever delivered in Parliament. No military or naval Minister in Continental Europe could have made it, for he must have paid for it in a scare which would have added millions to his own and his rivals' Budgets. Why, then, should a British Minister consider himself a chartered libertine, a wholesale dealer in vivid pictures of a world tottering on the brink of war? Nor did his disclosures of shipbuilding policy really promise the reductions to which he half-pledged himself by saying that in the absence of any "new departure," next year's estimates would be "substantially lower." For he defined his Mediterranean policy as one of maintaining in that sea eight (Dreadnought) battleships and four large armored cruisers and smaller vessels by the end of 1915.

For this purpose the two contract ships of the 1914 programme are to be accelerated. But Mr. Churchill did not say whether this arrangement would entail a fall of the North Sea fleets below the 60 per cent. standard of superiority (eight squadrons to five) which is to be maintained against Germany. If he chooses to regard the Mediterranean ships as a distinct provision (as if ships stationed at Gibraltar could not be brought into line against the German squadrons), it obviously will, and we are left defenceless against a new creation of Dreadnoughts. Meanwhile, there is to be a rapid development of the third element in the Churchill policy—namely, the Imperial Squadron. The one satisfactory feature of the estimates is that there is to be an apparently unconditional abandonment of prize-money. Mr. Churchill concluded by insisting that the world was arming as it had never armed before, and that all suggestions for an arrest of armaments had proved ineffective.

MUCH the most remarkable speech of the debate was that of Mr. Philip Snowden, who wove the half-forgotten but fast-reviving doctrines of Liberalism into a piercing survey of the whole field of the exploitation of Governments and Parliaments by the Armaments Trusts. His revelations seem to us extremely serious, and they should be read in the full report of the speech which appears in the "Daily Citizen." Mr. Churchill he declared to be a menace to the peace of the world; but his main attack was on the campaign of the firms and its methods. His text was Lord Welby's phrase that the nations were in the hands of "an organization of crooks," who worked (a) by priming Cabinets with false information (*e.g.*, the naval scare of 1909); (b) by capturing for their service great ex-officials like Sir George Murray and Admiral Ottley, who "knew the ropes"; (c) by the number of shareholders they could claim in Ministries and Parliaments; (d) by international working, *e.g.*, by building British Dreadnoughts for Mediterranean use against the Triple Alliance, and stimulating Italy to build answering or challenging Dreadnoughts. Thus if Britain and Italy went to war, British capital, with its Italian annexe, would be booming each way. Mr. Snowden also mentioned the making of Whitehead torpedoes at Fiume in Hungary for the blowing up of British ships acting against the Alliance.

THE gravest of all these charges is the litter of shares in the Armaments Trust which Mr. Snowden declared to be strewn among the benches of the House of Commons. They were, no doubt, fairly purchased in the open market; but what a tremendous financial interest is thus cast into the scale of our naval and military debates! It seems to us that the matter calls for Parliamentary inquiry. Mr. Snowden declared that among the shareholders in armament firms were the Colonial Secretary, the Postmaster-General, the Members for Ecclesall, Mid-Armagh, Osgoldcross, and the Bosworth divisions; while he added that it would be impossible to throw a stone at the Opposition benches without striking a member who was a shareholder in one or other of the armament firms.

ON the eve of a General Election, French affairs have been thrown into a passionate and inextricable confusion by a political murder to which it would be hard to find a modern parallel. On Monday evening, Madame Caillaux, the wife of the Minister of Finance, visited M. Gaston Calmette, the editor of the "Figaro," in his office, and without the exchange of a word shot him four times with a revolver. He died during the night on the operating-table. Mme. Caillaux has stated that she took her action because there is no justice in France against a newspaper, and denies that she intended to kill; her object was to inflict a lesson and to prevent the publication of further documents damaging to her husband. There is little mystery about the crime itself, though it touches a whole series of unprobed scandals. The "Figaro," the Royalist organ of a group of financiers, had been publishing an almost daily revelation designed to destroy M. Caillaux. Some of the charges were manifest inventions. The last, however, consisted of an authentic fragment of an intimate private letter, written in 1901 by M. Caillaux to a lady. In it he stated that he had killed the then Income-tax Bill while seeming to support it. Everyone knew that he then opposed a measure of which he has since become the chief champion, but the confession was none the less ugly. Mme. Caillaux supposed (what the "Figaro" denies) that other private letters written to herself were about to be published.

THE resignation of M. Caillaux followed the crime, and the Ministry was re-arranged without a crisis. A fresh scandal has come promptly after the murder. In the Chamber of Deputies, the ex-Premier, M. Barthou, rose and read a letter which M. Calmette was about to publish. It is a formal protest, written by M. Fabre, the Public Prosecutor, against the pressure to which he was subjected by a former Premier, M. Monis (a member also of the present Ministry), in the interest of M. Caillaux, then Minister of Finance. The pressure resulted in delaying the prosecution of the arch-swindler Rochette, with the result that this man, apparently a protégé of M. Caillaux, escaped. At the least, it means that he wished to suppress a grave scandal; at the worst, it may mean that in some degree he shared Rochette's guilt. The Chamber at once reconstituted the Commission of Inquiry into the Rochette affair over which M. Jaurès presides, and gave it the full powers of an examining magistrate to search for documents and take evidence on oath. In his turn, M. Monis has also been forced to resign, if only provisionally.

IT is too soon to assess the political consequences of these scandals. There is much ferment in Paris, with noisy street demonstrations by the Royalist youths who call themselves Camelots du Roi. The general feeling is one of impartial disgust which must accentuate the pre-

vailing discontent with politics and politicians. MM. Caillaux and Monis are not alone in being discredited. What can be thought of the conduct of M. Barthou, who abstracted the Fabre document from the Ministerial archives, gave it to a Royalist journalist, and then produced it in order to trample on a personal enemy at the moment of his downfall? Finance and the press have made between them a moral morass of French politics, in which chivalry seems as dead as honesty. The only compensation is the eminently French resolve to expose everything and to know the worst.

* * *

A PROMPT Nemesis has overtaken both the middle-class parties in the Transvaal for their tampering with civil rights. The elections for the Provincial Assembly have resulted in an overwhelming victory for Labor at Johannesburg, Pretoria, and all along the Rand. Labor has already won twenty-three seats, and Unionism only two, and the meaning of its success is emphasized by the fact that most of the elected members were prominent leaders in the strike. It is now not only the dominant party in the Assembly, but has an absolute majority in a House of forty-five. Though the functions of the Assembly are not of the first importance, it can in countless ways follow a policy which will be obnoxious to one or both of the other parties, and the reaction on the politics of the Union is certain to be profound. A no less momentous election is proceeding in Rhodesia, with the continuance of Chartered Government as the chief issue. The first results favor the Chartered Company, but one cannot yet be sure that the opinion of Salisbury and Buluwayo will be that of the remoter districts.

* * *

A MOTION by Mr. Aubrey Herbert on Wednesday evening gave Sir Edward Grey an opportunity to make a pronouncement on our position in the Mediterranean. There was no detailed discussion of naval statistics. Sir Edward Grey defined in general terms the meaning of our understandings with France and Russia. We meant to maintain them, but were not obliged to follow either Power in everything which it did in matters that concerned its own interests. The naval standard for the Mediterranean must be, as elsewhere, that our force must be equal to any probable combination which we were likely to have to meet. It followed that our foreign policy must largely depend on our naval strength, and we must so adjust our policy as not to have combined against us a force which we could not meet. He went on to speak hopefully of the intentions of Turkey to keep the peace, and to adopt a policy of reform in Armenia. A reform scheme which the Turks would allow to work was preferable to a better plan which they would obstruct. The effect of the statement was really to deprecate formal arithmetic about the Mediterranean, and was doubtless meant to suggest the reflection that no combination against us is probable there, while a combination with us exists in normal circumstances.

* * *

THE German outcry against Russian armaments, which seemed at first so mysterious, is proved this week to have a solid basis. The Ministers met the leaders of all but the extreme parties in the Duma, and in a private conference sought and obtained their support for an immense scheme for the increase of the Army. It is proposed to add to its effectiveness in time of peace no fewer than 400,000 fresh men. This means that Russia will have on a peace footing an Army greater than some other first-rate military Powers can raise in time of war, and will thereby do much to balance her notorious slowness in mobilization. The whole military situation in Europe

will thus be transformed towards the year 1917, and rival Powers will be stimulated in the interval to inordinate efforts. A number of official statements and interviews have meanwhile appeared in the Russian press from M. Sazonoff, Count Witte, and others, which all adopt a firm tone, and emphasize the determination of Russia, while keeping the peace, to take the aggressive if need arises, and to rely no longer on a passive strategy of defence.

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THE report of the Strike Committee of the Leeds City Council is a record of the most important conflict that has ever occurred between a municipality and its employees. A few points should be carefully noted. Thus it appears that no full conference was held between the two sides either between the strikes of June and December, or during the latter movement. The Committee point out that both arbitration and conference were, in fact, offered on the eve of the December strike, and that the offer was refused. On this, which was one of the crucial questions, it may be observed, first, that the Committee assert that the offer was then, and is even now, unknown to many of the men. If this was so, the ground for refusing a conference later, in response to an organized demand, is very much weakened. Second, the offer was made at the eleventh hour, when things were too far gone to stop the strike. Third, even if conference was refused before the strike, the tit-for-tat argument is rather a small one in a great public matter, for every day cost the city a thousand pounds for police alone. The report also shows that a complete re-organization of municipal departments is necessary, since there has been great wastage by the employment of superfluous men in "soft jobs," and by out-of-date methods; so that about seven hundred men cannot be taken back, and must be provided for. It is expected that £36,000 a year can thus be saved at Leeds.

* * *

LORD KIMBERLEY has given his laborers the King's terms, and the tenants on the estates of Lord Leicester (grandson of the famous Coke of Norfolk) and Sir Ailwyn Fellowes have raised the wages of their laborers to 15s., an advance of a shilling. This example has been followed generally in the country. The farmers hope that this concession will put an end to the laborers' strike, but it seems unlikely that the laborers will waive their remaining demands, which are modest and essential. In Essex, a farmer who had served notices on those of his laborers who joined the union has been obliged to withdraw them, as the immediate effect was to bring all his men into the union. The annual report of the Agricultural Laborers' Union announces that some 8,000 new members have been enrolled.

* * *

AN advance towards settlement has been made in the dispute in the building trade, the men having accepted the recommendation of the National Conciliation Board that the executives of trade unions should undertake to discountenance strikes in breach of written agreements. They are now to seek a conference with the Master Builders' Association. On the other hand, a grave dispute has arisen in South Yorkshire over an award under the Minimum Wage Act, affecting some 120,000 men. A number of interesting struggles are in progress among badly paid women, one in the Isle of Dogs, where a thousand young women are in revolt against a system of child employment. The Federation of Women Workers are supporting the strikers.

Politics and Affairs.

THE ONLY WAY WITH ULSTER.

WE have two remarks to make on the important debate on the Vote of Censure, for they seem to us to bear directly on the hopes of settlement. It is futile, and worse than futile, for Mr. Bonar Law to raise the old flag of the Referendum. Even if it were possible suddenly to weave this novel pattern into an old constitutional garment, and to adapt it to the political working of the average British mind, it is not a practical policy. The Liberal Party cannot be asked to do either of the two things which a resort to the Referendum involves. They cannot have a mere conservative device forced upon them at the bayonet's point, and they cannot be called on to repeal, *pro hac vice*, the Parliament Act. That is too much to ask; and it is hardly honest, in this heated hour, to ask it. We have more hope of Mr. Law's alternative suggestion—if it is an alternative—that if the Government would consent to regard the voluntary inclusion of Ulster in an Irish Parliament as the "principle" of their proposals, he would accept them as a basis of discussion. Now there is an obvious and good objection to doing away with the six years' limit to the exclusion of Ulster. If Ulster thinks that she can always hang on to the skirts of a British party organization she will never turn her eyes to Ireland, and all Mr. Redmond's wooing will not win her. But we think that it might be well to give her some formal assurance that if she can present or make good a case of injustice or injury against the Irish Parliament, she may retain a formal right of standing out even beyond the six years, fixed by the Bill. It is, of course, morally impossible that in such circumstances any Imperial Government would force her. Still, words of peace have away; and if it be possible to give a power of reference to the Imperial Parliament to any Irish county that desired (a) to come in before the six years were over, or (b) to stay out after they had expired, the Government should not, we think, refuse it.

For the moment, however, serious citizens must survey not so much the mind of Ulster as her intolerable acts. It is time for the Conservative Party to answer Mr. Churchill's challenge whether they wish the government of Great Britain to fall into the confusion of Mexico. What is the situation in Ulster? Our special correspondent, with a long experience of the organization of armed men, describes it, in another column, in terms which, we think, neither exaggerate nor slight it. He considers that the Ulster "Volunteers" number a body of from 60,000 to 80,000 men, who might probably be reduced to 25,000 zealots for actual strife. This force is of small or no military value. It has small-arms of a sort, but is lacking in ammunition and in artillery. Its drill is primitive; the Irish Constabulary could, doubtless, deal with it without resort to the Regular Army, while a measure of naval blockade would probably suffice for all the answer that the Imperial Power need make to these misguided and thoughtless men. But we shall not call it a trifling matter that citizens of the United Kingdom should form themselves into masses which threaten rebellion against the Crown. They are not, indeed, novices

in violence. The leaders of Irish Protestantism have an old and honorable association with the Home Rule movement. They were pioneers of Irish self-government. But it happens that the soil of Ulster is steeped in sedition. Its chief town is the most lawless not only in the British Isles but in Europe, and is likely to remain so as long as Orangeism continues to be the horrible travesty of Christianity and civilization which it is. But that is a matter for moral change; so far as the political position of Protestant Ulster is concerned, the Home Rule Bill, in the form in which it is now tendered, makes no appreciable difference to it. Under that measure, even as it stands without the option of exclusion, there must be a reference to the British electorate long before the Irish Parliament sits, and if the appeal is favorable to Unionism, that Parliament will either not meet at all or Orange Ireland need not resort to it. If they had pleased, the Ulstermen could have had a veto on every Act and tax of the Irish Parliament that affected them, while retaining a great and, through their British allies, a preponderating force in the Imperial Parliament, from which they would not have suffered a moment's divorce. They did not choose to be citizens of their own country, and to take scot and lot with it. So, in concern for their particularism, the Imperial Government has proposed that wherever they can show a case for exclusion, they shall remain for many years as they are. Belfast and Portadown, Antrim and Armagh, wish to retain the old system of privilege. They can have it. If the Orange mop likes to sweep out progress, and drive a rational, modern scheme of government from their own doors, and if the Ulstermen can get the British voters to help them, they can keep as they are for ever. The Bill will not touch them. That is not all. It is as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun that if the Ulstermen choose, they can largely mould the form of the general constitutional settlement which must come, and that if they wish for a system of devolution, they can have it, with the help, not only of the Conservative but of the Liberal Party. Or, if they still hesitated, we do not think that any Government which desired to see Ireland united by consent, and not by force, would object to prolonging the period of option, after the six years had expired.

Why, therefore, are they still in arms against the King? For three reasons. The first is that a Conservative Opposition desires to turn out a Liberal Government, and thinks that the distress and misgiving raised in Britain by a violent movement in Ulster are excellent weapons to their hand. The second is that this customary party feeling exists in unusual intensity because the party out of office can no longer rely on the House of Lords to put them in again, by throwing a thwarted Liberal Government on to the country. The third is that the organization of rebellion in Ireland has been taken in hand by the leader of the Conservative Party, and the seduction of the Army, through its officers, by the British aristocracy. It is here that the Government should, in our view, have stepped in long ago. Lord Roberts is a privileged man; and if he likes to tamper with British officers, he must settle his account with his conscience and with the King. But the directors

of the Orange Volunteers include men whose names appear in the Army List. We have never understood why they have not long ago been transferred to the "Gazette," coupled with the usual form in which the King announces that he has no further need for their services. As for the Conservative Party, they can, if they please, become subscribers to Mr. Law's and Mr. Mann's doctrine that in civil commotions, soldiers become "citizens" armed with a "dispensing" conscience. They will find it difficult to run the British Empire under it; but that is no concern of ours. Neither with them, nor with the actual contrivers of sedition, can an eternal parley be held. The present Government represents certain forms and modes of political thought. It also stands for public order and personal liberty, neither of which can be maintained in a civilized State so long as bands of armed and mutinous men roam about the towns and country-places of Ulster. We hope they will be dealt with mildly, and, as far as possible, by mere containing measures, or even by passive resistance. But dealt with they must be. No British King has endured rebellion for over a hundred and fifty years. King George the Fifth is quaintly supposed to sympathize with it. We imagine, on the whole, that he prefers the policy of George the Second.

In any case, though peace is again and happily in the air, the nation and the Liberal Party must be prepared to hear that political argument is drawing to a close. Every force of reason, of friendly persuasion, has been used. Every possible door of compromise has been opened in turn—autonomy, a long exclusion, a double appeal to the British electorate. If Orangeism will understand neither the one advance nor the other, it must be called upon in the King's name to return to its allegiance and to resume the normal practice of peaceful citizenship.

WHAT THE SECOND CHAMBER SHOULD BE.

UNDER the immediate pressure of other issues of the utmost gravity it is difficult to realize that before this Parliament ends the Government is pledged in honor as by interest to make definite proposals for the reconstruction of the Second Chamber. The Parliament Act, whose Preamble commits us to this step, is avowedly a stop-gap, and, indeed, would be quite indefensible were it regarded as a lasting instrument. In a thoughtful speech at Manchester last week Lord Bryce laid before his audience the leading considerations which should weigh with Liberals in forming a judgment upon the proper functions and composition of a Second Chamber. Though the questions of function and of composition are involved in one another, the former claims priority of judgment. Before determining the size or method of appointment, we must be clear about the work and powers to be entrusted to the Chamber. Upon this question there can be no real division of opinion among Liberals. No Second Chamber, however constituted, must have any power to defeat or to deflect the will of the people as conveyed through representation in the House of Commons. Some power of delay is, of course, essential to the performance of any useful service in legis-

lation. But that power should not be such as to endanger the passage of any measure into law which has received the assent of the Commons and has been submitted to the Second Chamber in sufficient time for its due consideration. The exercise of the present power of delay over Bills passed by the Commons during the last two years of a Parliament, for the express purpose of submitting them to the hazard of a General Election, is an obvious abuse of the delaying power. Delay for the purpose of consideration, criticism, suggestion, is one thing; delay as a weapon of rejection or mutilation is quite another.

The true function of a Second Chamber was admirably expressed by Lord Bryce when he said that "its use is to help to form the public opinion of the nation." Now the prime condition of the fulfilment of this duty must be that it cannot usurp the function either of the Legislature or of the electorate. It need retain no formal power to determine what Bills shall and what shall not pass on to the Statute Book. Such real power over legislation as it may possess should depend upon the deliberative and critical services it renders and the moral and intellectual authority which the public recognition of these services acquires for it. Lord Bryce, indeed, following the general line taken by those who contemplate a Second Chamber wholly or in large part obtained by popular election, would allow this Chamber a real though restricted power of enforcing a will opposed to that of the majority of the Commons by providing that in a final issue the two Chambers should discuss and vote in common as one body. This proposal would by no means give an equal power to the two Chambers, for it is expressly assumed that the Second Chamber should be much the smaller, probably not more than a quarter of the size of the House of Commons. Assuming that the hereditary element were entirely removed and that the Second Chamber was composed by some process of appointment or election which secured that the various party and economic interests were fairly represented, Liberals might probably acquiesce in this arrangement. But they would not greet with enthusiasm any such remnant of a positive veto conferred upon a Second Chamber whose personal composition would, they might fear, be permanently biased towards Conservatism. The examples of the American and the French Senates do not inspire confidence in the democratic sympathies of such Chambers. Would it not be better to confine the functions of the Second Chamber to the exercise of legislative initiative, criticism, suggestion, and such delay as is involved in these methods of influencing legislation?

It is, indeed, sometimes urged that a Second Chamber which possessed no constitutional veto in legislation would have no prestige, and would not command the presence and active work of men of commanding character and of expert knowledge. We believe the reverse to be the case. A small Chamber, possessing no temptations to serve party or class interests, but addicted exclusively to the disinterested and important work of framing, criticizing, and improving the legislative proposals, would, we feel confident, secure the services of the highest type of intellect and character which the nation can furnish.

Many of the ablest and most serviceable minds abhor the atmosphere of party and personal controversy which prevail in current politics. But they would willingly enter an assembly vested with such purely consultative and advisory powers as are here indicated.

But whether or not some determining legislative powers, proportionate to their numbers, be accorded to the Second Chamber, the difficulty of their mode of appointment remains for solution. On this matter we hold a clear position. It is agreed that the Second Chamber must be small in numbers. If, therefore, it were directly submitted to popular election, the electoral areas must be so large as to give a great advantage to candidates of wealth and social standing. The result would be a Chamber permanently overweighted with Conservatism. Nor would any of the indirect methods of election, more or less upon the French model, in which administrative bodies, County Councils, Boards of Guardians, fortified, perhaps, by professional and scientific societies, were the electoral basis, be any more favorable to an equitable balance. Moreover, there remains the fatal flaw that, in so far as such a Chamber could claim to be popularly elected and representative, it would tend to arrogate to itself a power over legislation equal to that of the House of Commons.

In our opinion there is only one safe manner of avoiding these dangers of excessive Conservatism and of competition in parties. Let the Second Chamber be elected by the Members of the House of Commons, voting in fractions or groups on a system of proportionate representation. They need not, following the Norwegian precedent, elect members from their own ranks, thus creating a Second Chamber by mere fissure. It would be far better to recruit the Second Chamber by the election of outsiders, men who in many instances might have neither the inclination nor the capacity to secure election by a popular vote. But so elected, the Second Chamber would have neither the power nor the desire to challenge the legislative supremacy of the Commons, while its composition would ensure the presence of men representative of the various sympathies and interests which compose the other House, though by their functions not slavishly attached to party. By such a method of election, it is likely that there could be brought into the public services many of those elements which Lord Bryce desires to see there.

THE FRUITS OF MURDER.

It is just because French politics are so elaborately sophisticated, so ultra-modern alike in their idealism and their corruption, that the crime of Madame Caillaux seems so startlingly primitive and savage. The background is Paris of the twentieth century: the murder is like a deed of the Italian renaissance. The virile but rather ambiguous personality of M. Caillaux sums up the good and evil of our age, whether one reads the character in dark or radiant colors. Still young, masterful, adroit, and wealthy, he is for his admirers the disinterested rich man who has stepped out of his counting-house to lead a pacifist democracy. The author

of the hotly debated Income-tax Bill, which has so often been destroyed by insincere friends, no one until this week doubted his single-minded advocacy. The architect of an economic *entente* with Germany, the very indiscretion of the means which he adopted to realize it only seemed to prove his consuming zeal for peace. Last among his services, but not the least, he led the Radical opposition to Three Years' Service, and on his shoulders naturally fell the task of destroying the new militarist Nationalism at the coming elections. He was, indeed, a strange figure to rub shoulders with Socialist allies; but his notorious wealth only seemed to raise him above the herd of needy and unscrupulous men who live by politics. The other view of M. Caillaux is less edifying, but it makes him at least a civilized, if not a decadent, figure in his highly contemporary corruption. For his enemies he is the adventurer-financier who plays the demagogue only to dupe the people, turns his very attacks on property into means of enriching himself, allies himself with swindlers of the Rochette type, and finally sells his country in some unclean financial "deal" with Germany. Both views are probably too simple. We prefer to think of M. Caillaux as a man who pursues large and disinterested aims. But undoubtedly he is unscrupulous as to means. He belongs to that profoundly non-moral world of finance which he himself assails. The venomous campaign of slander which had broken upon him was a tribute at once to his power and to his courage. The world of finance might pretend to doubt his sincerity; had it really doubted, it would not have sought to destroy him. A barbaric crime has suddenly cut across this complicated web of diplomacy, finance, and journalism. One thinks of Jason's reproach to his savage mate Medea, when for his service she murdered the old King Pelias, and outraged the "ordered life" of civilized Hellas.

The fact is, however, if a moral is to be drawn from this act of revenge, that there are strange gaps in the ordered life of French politics, however modern they may be. The license of calumny is unchecked by any effective law of libel. Partly for gain, partly for political ends, partly for blackmail, scandal has become an intolerably large part of the stock-in-trade of up-to-date journalism. How much there may have been of truth in the "Figaro's" attacks, we do not yet know, but demonstrably there was much inventive, scurrilous, inexcusable lying. Lying apart, the publication of stolen letters, written by a public man to a lady, is an expedient of controversy which opinion in this country would condemn as the lowest of all possible journalistic baseness, even if the law allowed it. Such license invites private revenge, and the normal check upon it in France is the duel. It is a barbarous and utterly ineffective check, but its recognition as the natural means of self-defence against slander, goes far to explain the wild act of Madame Caillaux. A woman is outside the elaborately codified canons of revenge. She could not "call out" her enemy, and, therefore, she shot him point-blank. Hers was less and more than a personal crime. It was a tragic violence which sums up all the evil of tolerated slander and respectable duelling. Some part of the consequences are only too certain. This unhappy woman

has broken her own life, killed a journalist who had his considerable following, and ruined her husband's career.

How much wider the circle of consequences may prove to be, remains to be seen. The General Election is now only six weeks ahead. It should have been a trial of strength between M. Caillaux and M. Briand. M. Caillaux is eliminated from the contest by a convention as irrational as it is imperious. The Government in which he was the only powerful personality will be lucky if it suffers nothing worse than the subtraction of his energies and leadership. Chivalry is not the most apparent characteristic of French Parliamentary life, and it may well happen that the Government itself will be overthrown by the recoil from Madame Caillaux's revolver. The time is short for any recovery of fairness and good sense. Everyone knows that the real aggression came from the envenomed defenders of property, who were striking through this Royalist journalist not so much at M. Caillaux as at the income-tax. Everyone knows that neither he nor his party bears the most indirect responsibility for this act of violence. But public opinion, when it is excited, is rarely rational, and even French logic has its limits.

From a European standpoint, the real disaster is not so much that this rather undistinguished stop-gap Ministry may collapse. It is rather that with the withdrawal of M. Caillaux from politics, the whole movement in France against militarism may be permanently weakened. The Ministry was by no means homogeneous, and its nominal head had actually been a rather weak supporter of the Three Years' Law. It was the fact that M. Caillaux dominated it which alone entitled it to popular confidence in France and to the sympathy of pacifists abroad. Without his leadership it seems doubtful whether his newly formed party can hold together, and whether, if it does cling to life, it will deserve the discriminating support of the Socialists, which is indispensable to its electoral success. In his campaign speech on Saturday, M. Jaurès described the present grouping in French politics—the party of M. Briand on the one hand, “definitely reactionary in its tendency,” the party of M. Caillaux on the other, “colorless, uncertain, and impotent.” Between the two, Socialism holds the scales, and it has decided, on the whole, to use its weight for the second because it was resolved to fight this election primarily on the issue of militarism. What that issue involved, we have learned more clearly this week, since the German alarm about Russian armaments was seen to be well-founded. Russia is about to raise her peace army by 400,000 men. One realizes now that M. Poincaré's policy of a return to Three Years' Service in France, adopted, as it was, at Russian instigation, was only part of a comprehensive plan for an immense increase in the armaments of the Triple Entente. The balance of power will, at the least, be violently modified, and it is not easy to feel sure that no aggressive intention underlay these gigantic preparations. The inevitable response has already begun in Germany, and it will certainly become louder and firmer as the months go by towards the “danger-point” of 1917. When one group realizes, as the Triple Alliance might realize, that it has neither the money nor the men to counter this vast increase, the temptation will be to precipitate a trial of

strength while the odds are still measurable. By a given date the new Russian ships will be ready, the Three Years' Law will be working normally, the fresh Russian conscripts will have added to the Tsar's Legions a new force nearly equal to all the armies of the Balkan League, and Mr. Churchill clearly has not lost hope that his Mediterranean Dreadnoughts will be ready about the same time. The Prussian military caste would be less than human if it did not dream of anticipating this crushing accumulation of force. A fresh Zabern incident, and the fatal conflagration might be lit. Popular resistance in Russia to this provocative arming there can be none. Resistance in this country there has been, and there will be much more.

The doubtful point is France. If the coming Elections should result in the return of a Chamber which will reverse the Three Years' Law, a new epoch would have begun in European politics. The way would be clear to a tripartite *rapprochement* between Britain, France, and Germany; and Russia would be neutralized, and, if need be, isolated. With M. Caillaux at the helm this almost certainly must have happened, and the omens last week pointed to his success. This sudden folly of revenge has darkened these hopes. It has compromised the chances of the new Radical Party at the polls, and, worst of all, it has made it probable that even if it should succeed, it will not be as the party of M. Caillaux. The unreason which can allow the mad act of a wronged woman to influence issues so vast is at least as pitiable as the folly of the act itself, and it lacks the excuse of passion. One hopes that a manlier and firmer temper will assert itself before the decisive vote is taken at the end of next month. If this tragic mischance should mean that the moral leadership of the French opposition to militarism is destined to fall rather on M. Jaurès than on M. Caillaux, the catastrophe of his fall will not be all loss.

THE FABIAN SOCIETY AND THE INSURANCE ACT.

THE Fabian Society's report on the working of the National Insurance Act, published as a supplement to the “New Statesman,” is a very instructive and comprehensive document. But we doubt whether the impression which it chiefly conveys is not at variance with the main desire of its authors. A great part of it is concerned with faults in the administration of the Act in its scope and finance. Yet the public, which judges, and rightly judges, from general views, will be most attracted by the admission that the Act is working, in the main, smoothly; that in from 70 to 95 per cent. of the cases medical and sickness benefits are forthcoming without difficulty or delay, and that the expenditure of “twenty millions per annum must necessarily relieve a vast amount of personal suffering and mitigate the dire poverty of innumerable families in their hour of need.” An admission in these terms from men who frankly opposed the Act at its inauguration is a tribute both to the statesman who initiated it and to the administration which controls it. Some, again, of the suggestions it puts forward are on lines which, we have reason to believe, have already received careful and detailed consideration. Others fore-

shadow developments which are in the natural course of evolution now that the State has become committed to this great responsibility for the health of the people.

Or, take the conduct of the medical profession. With respect to medical benefit, say the Committee, "we desire to record our impression on all the information before us that, taking the medical profession as a whole, no case whatever has been made out against it." Considering the short time for which medical benefit has been available, the organized and bitter hostility which greeted it, and the efforts of a great part of the Unionist press to create or aggravate grievances, such testimony is almost more than we could have hoped for. On the whole, it is difficult to escape the impression that some of the adverse criticisms in this part of the report arise from an insufficient allowance for one essential and governing fact. Whatever system of medical benefit was adopted, the Government was bound to use the men who were available. The supply of these men in some districts is insufficient. It is no reflection on the profession as a whole to say that there have always been men who carried on their practice on slovenly and unscientific lines. When a man has earned his living for many years by carrying on a sixpenny practice or by conducting cheap clubs, he is obviously burdened with the traditions and habits he has acquired. The numbers of patients such men had to see and the fees they charged made it impossible for them to resort to laboratories, to modern methods, or even to expensive remedies. Moreover, the fact that in such centres as London, many men were accustomed to sending their difficult cases to the hospitals, and were thus cut off from the stimulus of special individual effort or of association with expert opinion, implied a form of medical practice which could not be altered by a stroke of the pen. Clearly, the first thing for the State to do was to arrange for a system of domiciliary attendance. No one can question the desirability of the many special and auxiliary services. But an attempt to provide them all straight away on some model plan, with all the opposition the Act experienced, would have been a futile enterprise. It is manifest that they are necessary, and that they will have to be provided. But even when adequate provision is made for them, it will be years before they can be woven into daily practice.

We have much more sympathy with the criticism of the restriction of the scope of medical benefit to help that can be rendered by any practitioner of average competence and skill. You cannot expect any medical man to do or attempt to do more than he feels himself fairly competent to perform. But it often happens that general practitioners have more or less specialized, and are both willing and able to undertake difficult work. Surely the fact that a man can derive advantage from his power and willingness to do these things is one that ought not to be shut out by any arbitrary definitions. We see no sound reason for precluding from the scope of medical benefit any service which the medical man who has undertaken to attend the patients feels himself competent to render. But the Report goes further than this, and declares that "only the minor ailments of the insured person are provided for." This is gravely unfair as well as inaccurate. Pneumonia, pleurisy, acute rheumatism, malignant disease, are not minor ailments; they

are grave maladies. They are *not* excluded from the scope of medical benefit; as a matter of fact, they are being daily treated in great numbers by medical men on the panel. A short time ago, Dr. Michael Dewar* of Edinburgh, published a careful analysis of his own panel work for twelve months. It included forty-nine dressing cases and eight minor operations, as well as cases of appendicitis, heart disease, intestinal perforation, iritis, nasal polypi, pneumonia, pleurisy, acute rheumatism, and other diseases. Medical men from one end of the country to the other can show records of cases of like gravity and difficulty regularly attended. The vast majority of cases are, of course, minor cases, as they always have been, and one of the advantages of the Act is that it has facilitated attendance upon them whilst they are "minor cases," and before many of them drift into a graver stage. There cannot be two opinions as to the desirability of providing the panel service with increased facilities for diagnosis and other special help, such as laboratories can afford, as well as for general consultant and expert advice, and we hope that the Government will make provision for them at the earliest possible moment. They would not be difficult to organize, nor would they be very expensive. We cannot, however, agree with the statement in the Report that the "unnecessary sickness of which the Approved Societies are feeling the drain is materially related to that class of cases in which laboratory aids are specially required." The cases which are responsible for the extra demands on the funds of women's societies consist, for the most part, of sickness and disability arising during pregnancy, and of the anæmia and dyspepsia which prevail amongst women workers, and are more associated with their habits of life and diet than with anything else.

As for the hospital question, we have only one remark to make on it. It is of such magnitude that the Government has up to the present avoided it. The Report estimates that twice the number of hospital beds are wanted as are at present available. If this is even approximately correct, it is evident that the claim that a complete State medical service might be provided at no greater cost than the provision of medical benefit under the Insurance Act, is really wider of the mark than we had supposed. With respect to the sickness benefit payments, the report finds that "contrary to the general expectation, taking the scheme as a whole, men and women together, the aggregate amount paid in England for sickness and maternity benefit is little, if anything, in excess of what was expected." Many inroads were made on the available margin by the amendments to the Act and the segregation of different classes of workers into individual societies. As a result, entirely apart from the reckless giving of certificates, malingering, and so forth, the claims on some of the women's societies, particularly in connection with pregnancy, are in excess of their available funds. The report, therefore, recommends that maternity and the sickness associated with it should be separately dealt with. There is a good deal to be said for this suggestion. It is evident that the State cannot make itself responsible for benefits in a form which removes the chief incentives to

* Supplement, "British Medical Journal," February 21st, 1914.

economical and efficient administration. The report further suggests a differentiation of cases of incapacity to work into those which are temporary and those which may be permanent. The necessity for some such distinction will probably become more pressing after July 15th, when disablement benefit begins. We believe that in some miners' societies there is a sort of unwritten understanding that a man may be regarded as "incapable" if he is not fit to go down the mine and earn a full day's pay at piece rates. Conceptions of this kind are quite probably associated with the excessive claims which some miners' societies are said to show.

On two other points we would express our agreement with the Report. Our experience fully bears out its statement that the investigators have "come across case after case in which *bona-fide* claims have been rejected for reasons which seem to us unwarranted by either law or justice." Some societies are acquiring a bad reputation for expelling members on the ground that they "withheld material information" in their application forms. In a vast majority of the cases, these members are quite helpless. They should have readier and simpler access to appeal, and we quite agree that the Commissioners should find the machinery for doing justice. There is also much to be said for the removal of sanatorium benefit from the insurance scheme and the placing of the whole responsibility for the treatment of tuberculosis in the hands of the larger local authorities. This has probably been inevitable from the beginning. But it is certain that in some districts, notably in London, any such transference would have to be accompanied by the reservation to the Insurance Committee of the duty of providing the benefit for insured persons if the Local Authority fails. In a third matter we differ entirely from Mr. Webb and his associates. This is the suggestion that venereal disease should be removed from insurance, and the Local Authority required to make provision for it without compulsion or notification. We cannot see that any case is made out for this change. In the majority of cases, the sufferer from venereal disease is governed by two motives. He wants to avoid publicity almost as keenly as he is anxious to obtain a cure. To segregate him in a separate class must grossly prejudice treatment at that early stage of the disease at which it is most likely to be effective. The recommendation of the Report strikes us for this reason alone as a vital error, and we hope that the Government will pay no heed to it. But its mistakes, or its exaggerations, do not destroy its value as a social document, or as a practical guide to the better ordering of a vast act of social amelioration.

THE WAYS OF THE C.O.S.

A FRENCHMAN who had lately arrived in London once asked at a dinner party for an account of the objects of the Charity Organization Society. One of his fellow-guests was an enthusiast, and he quickly replied, "The Charity Organization Society prevents the poor from being hopelessly demoralized by reckless charity; it has

put down the offence of indiscriminate begging; it has restrained the mischief of sentimental subscriptions; it guides and controls benevolence, giving help where help can be effective; and it brings the comfortable and leisured classes into touch with the life of the poor, bringing the grace and kindness of cultured people into neglected homes. Without it, half the poor of London would be submerged in pauperism and crime." This version seemed satisfactory and complete, but another guest broke in with a cynical laugh. "Ah!" he said, "I will tell you what it really is. We have in England a lot of retired colonels and a lot of retired administrators from the East. They have spent most of their time in giving orders. When they pass into private life, there is no obvious sphere for them. This is where the Charity Organization Society comes in. It finds employment for these deserving people by enabling them to order the poor about. The rich supply the money; the poor supply the native races. The C.O.S. bring the two together. Without the help of the C.O.S., half of these good people would be *désœuvrés*." "Don't you believe either of them," said a third guest, a lean, cadaverous-looking fellow. "The C.O.S. is an organization for the protection of the possessing classes. It applies money and energy scientifically to break all the social movements that threaten property. Without its help, there would be a revolution, or at least no decent society in England." "Thank you," said the Frenchman, who had listened with great interest. "I now understand what is meant by the English spirit of compromise."

Mrs. Bosanquet has written the history of this compromise ("Social Work in London," Murray), or so much of its history as is to be found in minutes or records, which is not a great deal. As a picture of social work and life, her book is deficient and bare. But a study of its pages will enable the Frenchman to appreciate the considerable element of truth in the second and third versions presented to him. On the subject of the first, he might be a little bewildered. A spirit of *odium philanthropicum*, more caustic than any *odium theologicum*, pervades the book; and it is clearly better to be caught red-handed or red-tongued by the C.O.S. officer in a gross imposture counterfeiting a long life of heroic industry and inventing a Spartan family enduring all the sufferings of Job with more than his patience, than to preach some solution that is condemned by the orthodox of the C.O.S. The Frenchman may wonder whether under any circumstances the slum that is thrown open to this atmosphere admits any warmth or human sympathy. It is therefore as well to tell him at once that the Society has contained and does contain a number of fundamentally good-hearted men and women who work with noble devotion and great tact; and that this is not denied but readily conceded by those who think, like ourselves, that the Society itself is to-day a bad institution, and reflects a false view of social life.

The Society was started in 1869. At that time London was hopelessly ill-governed. All the evils and mischiefs of the negligence of generations gathered in their full result there—a bad penal system, bad poor law, an economic society in which the profits of industry were wrongly distributed, and a bad theory of social life and

wealth. At the same time there were a number of charities of which some were administered badly, so as to encourage mendicancy, and some had been diverted from the use of the poor altogether. This state of things distressed the heart and conscience of a number of good men, and they set to work to attack it. There were obviously many possible courses. There was first of all the way of public reform. The diseases of East London were diseases of society, diseases of government. Why were people not educated? Why was punishment stupid and brutalizing? Why was the poor law a means of disorganization? Why were all the poor crowded together in insanitary slums? Why was sweating allowed?

Here was one line of attack. A second presented itself in the method chosen by Canon Barnett and the founders of the settlements. Here, they said, are great districts in which the entire population is made up of the victims of our economic system and some of those who exploit it. Let other people who are interested in government and the decent life of society go and live there, doing their ordinary work, but taking part in the affairs and government of the neighborhood as citizens. New ideas and new standards will be introduced. The most powerful of the people who live on the poverty of the place cannot be reached by a local authority, but some can. At any rate, there is great scope for knowledge and public spirit in local administration. The people who started the Charity Organization Society did not take either of these courses. They gradually developed an organization all over London, working as far as possible with other societies, with Boards of Guardians, and with magistrates. The chief idea underlying this scheme was the idea that the poor were to be saved from each other. Beggars, impostors, idlers, dragged down a great mass, honest people were engulfed, and the rich, who wanted to help, could not distinguish. The C.O.S. scared off a great many impostors; they gave help to many people who needed help and were helped by nobody else; they reduced the volume of begging and preying on charities, and they simplified the business of alms-giving for the busy rich.

The dominant evil was the injury that the poor receive from each other. The rich and the leisured were to step in and see that those who were thrifty and sober did not suffer because so many of their neighbors were neither the one nor the other. But this represents, of course, a very small part of the social distress of London. So those early reformers discovered, and they began to raise a number of general questions—housing, education, health, and others. In this they did excellent pioneer work within limits. As time went on, the solution that seemed so complete to the people who were dealing with one set of difficulties seemed to others less and less satisfying. A new generation sprang up that saw through the old, obsolete, paralyzing theories, in full force when the Charity Organization Society began, denying the power of society to deal with such evils as those of the improper distribution of wealth, and sweated industries. These new reformers wanted to attack, not the incidental, but the capital evils of society, to deal not only with the consequences of improvidence among the poor, but with

the pressure upon the poor of the classes that were growing rich on sweated labor and crowded areas, to introduce large reforms that would change the circumstances of the lives of the poor.

A man or woman might work for the C.O.S. and welcome this new spirit: there have been, in point of fact, many who did. Unfortunately, the ruling members of the C.O.S. began to develop what we may call a party sense. They began to think that because they knew how to detect fraud and to check a vicious profusion of charity they were the best judges of all social policy. Like most people who are absorbed in a particular task, they came to think that the possibilities of their own treatment of special cases were infinite. A very special and misleading experience of human nature seemed to the politicians of this body to give their view on general reforms a special weight. We say a misleading experience, because there is no atmosphere so deranging as the atmosphere of philanthropy. If A visits B because A is rich and B is poor, in nine cases out of ten A's impression of a poor man's life will be further removed from the truth than that of C who has never been inside a poor man's door. There are a few people who can be easy and sincere in such a relationship; but, as a rule, the atmosphere is about as natural as the atmosphere of a drawing-room in Prince's Gate would be if the tables were turned and a C.O.S. visitor from Stepney came to question Mr. De Vere about his consumption of champagne. A comfortable person playing the detective on the poor forms an abstraction of "the begging man" which is as fruitful of error as the abstraction of "the economic man." It is difficult enough to escape artificiality and arrogance in the atmosphere of a settlement, and it was fortunate for Toynbee Hall that its first founder was as free as any man in England from any such spirit. We are not surprised that Canon Barnett, who had an essentially open mind and the spirit of a great citizen, lost patience with the C.O.S.

One consideration may occur to the reader. After all, he will say, do you think that public officials are so tactful and gentle in handling the poor that it would not still be necessary, however full and generous your equipment of public administration, to have a body of workers outside such organization, giving help and advice and tempering the asperities of bureaucracy. It is a pertinent question. We think some such organization is needed, but it must be an organization as much unlike the C.O.S. as possible. What is wanted is an organization of poor people who know their own world and not of rich people who condescend to drill it.

A London Diary.

Up to Thursday night I should have said that parties had this week "verted" to their normal attitudes, and that a settlement was as far off as ever. Wednesday's Cabinet was forced to consider the acts of the Ulster Volunteers, and it has not shrunk from the task. The Liberals have been drawn together into a mass which will, I am convinced, hold firm against anything that Ulster can do, and the Labor Party holds with them. Their

leaders have also a right to be angry, for they have been badly treated. It is possible to say that as we have entered the road of conciliation, it should have been trodden all the more doggedly, and therefore that the Churchill speech at Bradford, and the Premier's terse refusal to be drawn into a long haggle on detail, might have been less stiffly worded. It might conceivably have been better to disclose more fully what the Government propose about Customs and the Post Office, for such "details" are almost vital parts of the plan. But what was Mr. Asquith to do? Not a motion was made to meet him, yet without such a motion not a step forward could be taken. Sir Edward Carson, in particular, charged him openly with bad faith. Yet no one knows better than he that if any man desires a settlement or has worked to obtain it, it is the Prime Minister. This the Tory Moderates, beginning to raise their heads at last, acknowledge, and for the first time.

BUT what can be done? I don't think the Government will look at a Referendum, for Mr. Bonar Law's proposal to put the Bill and the suggestions together adds a fresh puzzle to the obvious complication of such an appeal. But there is, undoubtedly, a change in the atmosphere. The Moderates showed in strength during the debate, and there were moments when it looked as if a sheet of paper only divided the Government from the Opposition. At one time it seemed as if Captain Pirie's resolution was the bridge to peace; at another, as if it might come through a more elastic form of option—such as a proposal that any county might for good cause shown (such as an oppressive Act of the Irish Parliament) extend the period of exclusion. There, of course, the Irishmen hold the fort against further parley; fearing that if no pressure, however gentle, is applied to Ulster to come in, she will always stand stiffly out. But as the Nationalists no more than anyone else desire to force Ulster into union, but rather to woo her, the case does not look quite unmanageable.

I SEE that Mr. Nicholson notes in the "Daily News" the important fact that large numbers of Conservatives and Unionists refuse their signatures to the organizers of the British "Covenant," on the ground that they will not be parties to tampering with the Army. The same feeling, of course, exists in the House of Commons, and is responsible for the sharp reaction against the Die-Hards. "If the Army Bill is thrown out or meddled with," said one Conservative member, "I will resign and never stand again for Parliament." This view, expressed with clearness and gravity, is a main cause of the strain of saner and quieter feeling which made its way through the Conservative ranks beneath the noise of Monday afternoon. The Tory Party is not yet given up to Lord Willoughby de Broke and his energumens. Even if they throw out or mutilate the Army Bill, the abstentions or the hostile votes will tell the fatal tale of a divided party. There is another consideration. The King cannot witness without concern an attempt to deprive the country of the Army in order to give free rein to rebellion. That is high treason, a direct blow to Throne and Empire. Is the Jacobite Party to be re-born and a Hanoverian King to be made its victim?

MR. LLOYD GEORGE's speech at Huddersfield is to mark the re-opening of the much-too-long-delayed land programme, and will be, in fact, a "workman's speech." The Chancellor's special object is to survey the whole ground of the movement of "real" and money wages, to show where the workman has lost and gained, and what the State really owes him and should do for him. Obviously, therefore, the speech will be of the first importance, for it must go far to define the Government's social policy for the elections, which may be nearer than some politicians suppose.

IN his contact with Parliament this week Mr. Churchill has tasted both the sweets and bitters of fame. There has been nothing more striking for a long time than the unrehearsed enthusiasm of his reception after the Bradford speech—the speech itself could scarcely have sounded a more astounding thunderclap in the ears of the Opposition—and again there has seldom been anything more significant than the frigid bearing the next day of his own party during his elaborate and brilliantly presented *apologia* for his naval policy. By his attitude on the Ulster question Mr. Churchill has clearly forfeited any expectation he might have entertained of securing Admiralty affairs against the risks and chances of party vicissitude. All the old animosities have been rekindled against his challenging personality, and he is now nightly pelted with epithets of insult, which, however, only serve to heighten the superior force of his own inimitable powers of invective. Perhaps the most comical feature of those encounters is the virtuous fury with which Mr. Churchill is sometimes assailed as an ex-Tory renegade by men who have apparently forgotten that they once called themselves Liberals, one of them indeed having sat on the Liberal side as recently as 1906-10.

THE personality of M. Calmette of the "Figaro" was an agreeable one, in spite of his Mohawk methods. His staff liked him, for he was amiable and sympathetic, and he had undoubtedly—both in the affair of the "fiches" and in the war on M. Caillaux—made the "Figaro" a great power. Here he was less known than his brother, whose fame as a scientist is international, and who is, I believe, under an engagement to lecture in London this season. M. Calmette's title to fame rests chiefly on his researches as a brilliant and favorite pupil of Pasteur and his discovery of the serum for snake-bite. Its inventor was himself bitten by a cobra, but not before his investigation was fairly complete.

A WAYFARER.

THE "LOYALIST" REBELLION.

II.—THE REBEL FORCES.

DUBLIN: ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

THREE suppositions are possible, and each of them is fiercely held. First, the threat of armed rebellion and civil war may be all bluff. The Ulster Volunteer Force may have been started and maintained with the special intention of bamboozling both the Government and Mr. Garvin, inducing them to think that something very terrible is about to happen, giving Mr. Garvin the

opportunity of thundering, "Let Ulster mobilize to the last man!" and driving the Government down the slippery slope of concessions, while all the time Ulster knows that the bogey is nothing but a turnip on a stick. That is bluff proper, and those who think the Ulster movement is no more, can at least point to its entire success. But for the bogey, the Government would never have thought of treading the slippery slope, nor would Mr. Garvin have fulminated "To arms!"

Or, again, the Ulster Volunteer Force may be quite seriously intended both by leaders and men, but in reality it may be no more formidable an apparition than a phosphorescent skull. In Ulster one must make all manner of allowances for *tête montée*. One must allow for Ulster's astonishing ignorance of the rest of Ireland. In leading articles one still reads of "the scheming tricksters of a Cabinet who are trying to make a pawn of Ulster by handing over the destiny of a free people to the control of the boycotters of Cork and Longford, the savages of Clare and Galway, the cattle-maimers of the ranches, and the League and the Hibernians." Ulster still habitually thinks of the rest of Ireland as obscured in the mists of barbarism, a wild and unexplored country, something like the North America of Fenimore Cooper's time. One must allow for Ulster's long dependence upon England's protection, the Penal Laws, the Coercion Acts, and the habitual use of police and military to crush every national movement in the South and West. One must also allow for the ingrained belief in a natural ascendancy, the conviction that one Protestant is worth ten Catholics on the field as in heaven and the counting-house, and for the self-righteous faith still watered by the Boyne. The other day an Ulster Volunteer boasted exultantly: "I come from Ballybrae (or some such place), where William slept one night." In that sign he thought himself invincible.

Or the Ulster Volunteer Force may be quite seriously intended by officers and men, and it may also be a formidable fighting organization, capable of causing much trouble and heavy loss to the forces of the Crown—a rebel enemy to be reckoned with on the field, quite apart from the horror that Englishmen and Irishmen would alike feel in killing people of their own race, language, and habits, whose families and interests are inextricably connected with their own. The Volunteer movement may be bluff proper; or it may be a misguided illusion (often confused with bluff); or it may be a dangerous reality.

REBELLION AT WORK.

I will describe a few scenes I have witnessed within the last fortnight. The Old Town Hall in Belfast has been hired by the "Provisional Government" (at a shamefully low rent) as a kind of Head Quarters. The upper floor is restricted to various military departments or staff work, into which it would be inconvenient to seek admission. Another set of offices is reserved for the Ulster Women's Association; for women play a most vital and significant part in the Loyalist Rebellion, and all over the province one finds them taking ambulance lessons, organizing hospitals in private houses, which are arranged for so many beds, and laying in supply at selected depôts. On the ground-floor are the secretarial offices, hung round like picture-galleries with inflammable cartoons to the glory of warlike Protestants and the shame of Celtic Irish who hate the British Army. But there even an extreme Home Ruler is courteously received, and may obtain passes to study the rebel dispositions and witness the rebel forces at work upon their preparations for civil war. From end to end of Ulster the number and quality of the arms in the possession of the rebels are the only secrets. A sentry, provided with a leather belt, will sometimes challenge approach to the barns where a rebel force is encamped upon a nobleman's demesne, but even there a pass will admit the supporter of law and order. Only on the question of arms is a deliberate secretiveness maintained.

Belfast, as is well-known, is divided into little colonies or settlements of Catholics or Protestants, following the lines of certain familiar streets. Sandy

Row, for instance, is notorious for savage Protestantism, and a large disused brewery there has been taken as drill ground for various Volunteer battalions, which occupy it in turn at night. I entered without even needing a pass, and found it occupied by the local battalion—the 2nd of the division. The city as a whole claims to have 30,000 Volunteers, and 20,000 rifles, but I cannot vouch for these numbers, nor could anyone. The points of the compass mark the four divisions, and each division contains so many battalions; North Belfast, for instance, is organized into six battalions, with a nominal strength of 8,000 men. The Sandy Row battalion, which I found drilling in the brewery, paraded 150 men, including the four instructors. I think there were no officers present, or if there were, they took no part in the drill. As usual, the quality of the drill depended upon the knowledge and command of the instructor, and the instructors varied. The top storey of the building was occupied by a company that was being admirably taught by an ex-N.C.O. of the 2nd Rifle Brigade. He was teaching them the elements of company drill by sections, extending and closing from centre or flank, forming company, and so on. On the first floor, the same kind of drill was going on under a rather inferior instructor, and in the large courtyard outside two small companies were trying to learn from instructors incapable of instructing. On the ground floor, small squads in turn were practising on a Morris-tube range with old cavalry carbines, while a certain number stood about or acted as nominal sentries on the doors. The battalion mustered considerably less than a single modern company, and there would not have been room for more. The drill was not well done, but the wonder was that it should be done at all.

One Saturday afternoon, I went out to the western suburbs, and was admitted into a deserted "eligible residence, situated in its own grounds," as advertisements say. It is called Fort William House, and is, I believe, lent to the Volunteers for nothing. There I found one of the six North Belfast battalions practising for field days on the lawns in front of the house and behind. It mustered 120 men, of various ages from sixteen to sixty, but it was not fair to judge from numbers, because there was a football match that afternoon, and football is more interesting and often more violent in Belfast than civil war. Forty of the men had old Italian rifles with magazines for three cartridges, and forty had wooden dummies of a less serviceable nature. None of them knew what to do with the rifles, or when to carry them at the trail, the slope, or the shoulder. Such things are of no vital importance, but, still, they count. The drill was the simplest recruit work—forming fours, wheeling and marching to a flank, forming company, extending and closing. I think one instructor had been an army N.C.O., and there was one English colonel, with thirty-six years' service, on the ground; but he took no part in the drill, and the performance was on the level of Territorials in the first month.

The place was in full view of the high road, but I was informed the police would never dare to trespass on the grounds, that drilling with arms was legalized with the consent of two magistrates, and that about half of the men who carried rifles had licences. The police told me the number of licences taken out had greatly increased this year, but that they could not seize the arms without a special Act. As to the rifles themselves, I was further informed, perhaps falsely, that they were not stored in that deserted house, but were brought up for each occasion, apparently in motors, and at other time lay hidden in various "pockets" or "cachets." Throughout the province I have heard of these hiding-places, often "in woods." If that description is true, one can only suppose a considerable part of the rebel fund goes in vaseline. One also hears a lot about "Maxims," in any numbers from two to five hundred. I think there may be six. One even hears of field batteries, but they are fabrics of the Ulster vision. I have seen no swords or other weapons, except one bayonet, lashed round a sentry's waist. As to rifle ammunition, estimates vary. One of the best ex-Regular

officers I have ever met told me frankly they had not as much as they wanted. In any case, they must want a very mixed lot, for they possess various types of rifles, I myself having seen three.

IN COUNTRY DISTRICTS.

Derry City, like Derry County, boasts three battalions of drilled and armed men, including motorcyclist corps, signallers, ambulance nurses, and two Maxims. The Maxims have never been visible, except to "a friend of mine," and that "friend of mine" is the invariable authority for Maxims and huge magazines of arms throughout the province. Still, Derry City boasts 3,000 Volunteers, and their position may be peculiar. For the City, having a Catholic majority of about fifty voters, would, under Mr. Asquith's proposal, come under the Dublin Parliament; but it is entirely surrounded by a county which would vote for exclusion, being in the main Protestant; and so we might behold the siege of Derry reversed, with 3,000 Volunteers as prisoners of war within the tiresome old walls.

South of Derry one passes into the top corner of Tyrone, and there, just below Strabane, I found the power that appears to organize Tyrone's five battalions. It dwells at Sion Mills (nothing to do with Jerusalem, but a variant of the Irish for fairies, connected with "Sidhe," I suppose). These linen-yarn mills have long been owned by a family of the best Ulster type, and two cousins, Captain and Mr. Herdman, assisted by Captain Ricardo, an ex-Regular officer who gained the D.S.O. while serving with the Inniskilling Fusiliers in the Boer War, have now undertaken the organization, not only of their particular district, but apparently of the whole county. The result is, certainly, remarkable. In their own battalion (1st North Tyrone) they can count on 2,000 turning up at surprise "mobilizations," out of 2,233 enrolled, and the ordinary company drills average 89 per cent. of strength. They have divided their large district into twenty-eight village centres, clustered round three main points for mobilization, and they issue tabulated forms, showing the number, not only of men, but of spring carts, farm carts, picks, spades, shovels, bill-hooks, and axes that can be counted upon from each village. The men's equipment is modelled on the Boer—bandolier, greatcoat, bag, belt, waterbottle, and leggings—and the officers believe that, if the worst happens, their force can successfully pursue the Boer guerilla tactics, whether to oppose Nationalist attacks or to harass and cut off small parties of the British Army.

They hold camps of instruction for N.C.O.'s. in the Duke of Abercorn's demesne of Baronscourt, near by, each man paying 15s. for the week. If the devotion and skill of a few officers could make up for short training, short ammunition, and probably short arms, Tyrone would be formidable. A review of the complete regiment, numbering, I suppose, about 8,000 men, is expected in the summer. The officers have issued a small pamphlet as guide, telling the rebel troops what to do in various cases. They are to remember, for instance, that they have no quarrel with their Nationalist neighbors, and must not take aggressive action against them. But, if attacked, they must warn some "influential Nationalist" that, "unless his people are restrained, we shall take immediate and organized steps to protect our people and property." If the police search for arms or seize them, the men are to follow "Mobilization No. 1"—i.e., to assemble with no arms but truncheons or blackthorns, and to prevent the seizure of "our means of defence" without bloodshed.

IN MIXED COUNTIES.

The further one goes from Belfast, the more clearly the note of "defence, not defiance," is sounded. In Fermanagh, it is true, there are three rebel battalions, not counting Trimble's Horse at Enniskillen—a body parading 130 mounted men, truculent, I cannot doubt, if one may judge from the martial air of their leader, the editor of the local "Impartial Reporter." But in Fermanagh the Nationalists and Unionists are nearly balanced, the Nationalists having a small advantage, and as a rule they live together on entirely friendly

terms. Still less threatening is the rebel attitude in Cavan, where the Nationalists have a majority of 80 per cent. In Lord Farnham's park, near the town of Cavan, I found 130 picked men from the three Cavan battalions undergoing a week's training as section-commanders. They slept in the empty stables or barns, and under pouring rain were trampling the green slopes before the mansion into liquid mud as they advanced, retired, extended, and prepared to receive cavalry. All were armed with the old Martini carbine, which has no magazine; and with the same carbine small parties were practising with real ammunition at 100 yards range. General Sir George Richardson, Commander-in-Chief of the Loyalist Rebel Forces, accompanied by his Chief of the Staff, was present on the field for inspection. But the guiding spirit among the 2,000 Volunteers of Cavan appears to be Colonel Nugent, D.S.O., descendant of an old Cavan family dating long before the English and Scottish "plantations." Talana Hill knew him, and there he fell, severely wounded, as he led the 60th in their terrible advance. In him the Ulster movement finds its best type of officer—calm, moderate, decisive, and a patient organizer of detail. He will support the decisions and strategy of the leaders, but for his part he regards some form of Home Rule as essential, and inclines to Lord MacDonnell's proposal of giving Ulster a veto upon such Acts of the Irish Parliament as specially concern herself. "Above all," he says, "we must remember that, whatever happens, we shall have to live in the future as Irishmen among our Nationalist countrymen."

That was the wise and foreseeing spirit I found among all the best officers, and the further I came from the religious and commercial fury of Belfast, the more of it I found. "We are not such swashbucklers as we have to make out," said one of them. His object, like the object of many others, was to organize a disciplined force that could be controlled from casual rioting and be obviously strong enough to check any Nationalist violence or attack. At the same time, he admitted that if his men believed this to be the only purpose of all their trouble and tramping, their efforts would slacken and he would lose all influence over them. They were out to fight—to have a shot at Nationalists, if possible; but, at all events, to have a shot at somebody. And so I came slowly to a general conclusion: I think there are about 60,000 men, or possibly even 80,000, in Ulster, who would answer to an order of mobilization, and about 25,000 who are resolute on a Holy War. In scattered groups they would try to harass a Regular Army that was sent to occupy the country; and I think that about half of the full total would have rifles of one kind or another but be short of ammunition. The movement, therefore, is not bluff proper; neither is it formidable from a merely military point of view. The intention is, in the main, serious, though rather fantastic; and it is formidable because no one wants to shoot his own people; least of all do the Irish want to shoot them. In fact, I sometimes dream that the real solution may come when some poor English soldier happens to kill a Loyalist Rebel, and at the sight of Irish blood, Ulstermen and Nationalists combine in common rage to hound us from their country.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Life and Letters.

THE NEW "TIMES."

THE "Times" is, I think, to be congratulated on the fact that it has stepped down to the common Broadway of daily journalism from the dangerous eminence of its past. Of the many reasons for the change, two may well suffice. In the first place, the public for which the old "Times" was supposed to cater has changed in character and content, and, in the second place, no one man or editor can now represent them. When Delane was in power, the "governing classes," in this country

and Europe, formed a select, and mostly an aristocratic, clan. The political pack was shuffled and re-shuffled, so as to cut out or cut in half-a-dozen leading court cards—Russell, Palmerston, Aberdeen, or Derby. Their ambitions found alternate expression in the columns of the "Times," and their adroit balance made the reputation of an editor so astute and so well-informed as Delane. He was their associate, their confidant, and their friend. Prime Ministers talked to him about their Cabinets before they were formed, and at least two Foreign Ministers made him their official interpreter. This last tradition the "Times" has indeed preserved. Through a long Liberal reign it has maintained with Sir Edward Grey a relationship almost identical, so far as the disclosure of policy is concerned, with that existing between Delane and Clarendon. But for the rest, the world has marched past the super-eminence "class" newspaper. A journal like the "Temps" can still address itself solely to the political and the cultivated man, letting the broad stream of life run by while it isolates the prejudices, the fears, the tastes, the critical habits and instincts, of the conservative intellect. Here there is no such distinctive class; or if there be, it is far too slender to carry the immense fabric of the "Times" on its back. Democracy has arrived; parties and their principles have become defined; statesmanship has a dozen centres, instead of two or three; science, education, fashion, the practical emancipation of women, the organization of a thousand interests, have put the dinner-table diplomacy of Delane out of date. Either the old "Times" must have died, or a new "Times" had to be created.

Lord Northcliffe has chosen the latter course; and no student of the history of Fleet Street will blame him. His rivals will suffer; but journalism as a whole ought to gain. Arnold once pictured George Augustus Sala as pondering where he had heard "that word, delicacy," and even to-day the prevailing fault of our newspapers is lack of distinction. Now that the "Times" appears as a rival of the penny morning press, the struggle must be to retain the note of superiority, of individuality, which gave the Victorian "Times" its success. No one asks of the "Times" what it cannot give. It is, and must be, a prime seat of Philistia. It deals in "plain English." Let him who would be witty, irreverent, original, literary, pious, or enthusiastic go elsewhere. Yet it is the loss of distinction that the "Times" itself has most to fear, as, among the great dailies, the "Manchester Guardian" most conspicuously retains it. No one paper can ever be sure of shining through the mere brilliancy of its staff. The "Times" is no longer able to attract and retain, by the depth of its purse and the glitter of its name, the best political writer or the best correspondent. But it commands at least four or five sources of distinction—its foreign correspondence, its Parliamentary and law reports, the letters to the editor, and the literary supplement. One of these is now detached from the bulk of the paper, and some others have been curtailed, and not improved. The leaders want something of the old cocksureness; thunder, as "Punch" says, is rather cheap to-day. But there remains to the "Times" the greatest of its assets, which is its instinctive attraction for the injured or the bewildered Anglo-Saxon. The mood which expresses itself in the formula, "If-you-don't-stop-it-I'll-write-to-the-'Times,'" can be basely played upon by a cowardly or a scheming editor, and nobly used by an able and conscientious one. The "Times," being now the property of the nation, rather than of the Superior Person, is, in the mere act of its descent to a penny, presented with a widely extended influence with Government, with the bureaucracy, with public opinion. If it uses its enhanced power of representation so as to give all sides a hearing, it will have fulfilled what one might almost call the divinely appointed mission of the paper. It happens still to be the organ which carries farthest, and its editor merely abdicates his throne if he stifles, or mutilates, or artfully attunes the voice of his correspondents so as merely to multiply the echoes of his own.

What, then, is likely to be the policy of the new

"Times"? Surprise is one of the arts of journalism, and the absence of it is the measure of the unimaginativeness of those editors whose public can usually write their articles in advance for them. It is the penalty of our machine-journalism that it produces types rather than personalities, and parties and statesmen that are always praised or blamed in the same quarter can take a semi-contemptuous discount off its average article of commerce. The "Times" has no such tradition. It has been in turn a Tory paper, a Liberal paper, a Unionist paper, never a Radical paper. It need be none of these things, and a little of all of them. Since 1886, the true date of the decline of the later "Times," its custom of giving a qualified support to the party in power was broken, and the paper was turned, first, into a violent organ of Unionism, and secondly, into a fixed supporter of Conservative and capitalistic opinion, with a vehement bias against trade unionism. The result was that the "Times" lost its power of noting and forwarding a sudden shift of opinion. It could not correct the vices of party and class; of which, indeed, it was a conspicuous example. Under Lord Northcliffe there has been an obvious reversion to the sounder and older "Times." It was most powerful when it was most free, and when each adventurer-statesman knew that it could either bar his way to power or make it smooth for him. If one were asked to name one function more than another which it is fitted to discharge, one would say—to soothe the extreme susceptibilities of the rich. This it has really essayed more than once in the Northcliffe period, and with no small success. There lies the true rôle of the "national party" which its conductor is supposed to affect. Of the pure class organ—from the "Post" to the "Herald"—we shall always have enough. The part of the umpire is harder; but it is indispensable in the clash and jar of the modern State. The "Times" for the first time in its career is now in the position of being read by everybody who counts, and of having at the same time the ear of the directing classes and their chiefs. Will Lord Northcliffe, when he has organized his batteries of advertisements and his small-fire of circulation, have the imagination to re-make a great newspaper?

H. W. M.

THE AGE OF DIVIDENDS.

NOTHING has been more injurious alike to the cultivation and the understanding of the spiritual life than the pretence that it is independent of "this world's goods" and the activities engaged in getting them. The history of almost all Churches and religious castes has furnished striking illustrations of the close and constant interaction between spiritual and economic motives. But there has always lingered among the spiritually minded a disposition to ignore this interplay between the higher and the lower life. It is, therefore, refreshing to find a preacher like Dean Inge of St. Paul's presenting to his congregation a clear-cut analysis of the spiritual and moral roots of modern business enterprise. It is, of course, no new discovery that "Protestant asceticism," as he terms it, is responsible for the modern business man. The extreme school of economic interpreters of history have long contended that Protestantism and the whole Reformation movement were really motivated by the new requirements of advancing commerce and capitalist industry. Those qualities of independent judgment and initiative—industry, sobriety, thrift, personal integrity, and truth-telling—which were the characteristics everywhere, in this country and the Continent, of the dissenting sectaries, were without question the chief feeders of business enterprise. Holland and Great Britain, which laid themselves most open to the free admission and the fostering of the protestant types, assumed an easy dominance in the arts of industry and commerce. Nor was the association between Protestantism and business one of chance. Under the Calvinist teaching, for the first time, individual private activities began to be regarded as a "calling." A learned German writer thus expresses the change in spiritual attitude. "The Middle Ages had closely connected the lower kinds of temporal labor with the spiritual riches of the Church, but the connection was

prospective and potential only, and required to be amplified by purely religious service. Nor was it binding on the lords of religious life, the representatives and exemplars of the truest Christian feeling. Protestantism first identified Grace and Nature, by teaching that work in this world was given by the will of God, and by making it the normal and necessary test of each man's state of grace. The economic and social consequences of this conception were remarkable. Labor in a calling, and intensity of worldly activity became in themselves religious duties, no longer merely as a means of existence, but an end and a sign of active faith." So not merely "bread labor," but, still more important, business enterprise, was sanctified. Mammon was actually harnessed to the car of his antagonist. It was a religious duty not merely to be industrious, but to be prosperous. Baxter, in his "Christian Directory," anticipating Mr. Shaw and Mr. Rockefeller, lays down the doctrine most explicitly. "If God show you a way in which you may lawfully get more than in another way, if you refuse this and choose the less gainful way, you cross one of the ends of your calling, and you refuse to be God's steward."

The type of successful business man, however, which Puritanism evolved, is not quite correctly designated as "ascetic." Though careful to abstain from all pleasures or excesses which interfered with the efficiency of business, it belonged to his conception of a good life to marry young, to be the father of a large family, and to cultivate "home comforts." Thus, indeed, was laid in all piety the ideal which a modern writer has dubbed "greasy domesticity." History, indeed, supplies a serviceable practical test of the degree to which the moral virtues of Puritanism have been instruments of business success. When they have done their work, they are usually discarded. The life we have described is that of the prospering tradesman, merchant, mill-owner, or iron-master. But when the high level of pecuniary prosperity has been safely attained, the principles and modes of living are modified. The parvenu capitalist may occasionally maintain the rigors of "protestant asceticism." His sons and daughters learn different ways. Discussing the great dissenting families who achieved business success in the eighteenth century, Sir Leslie Stephen remarks: "When they became rich, they bought a large house in Clapham or Wimbledon, and when they made a fortune, they wished to become Lords of the Manor in the country."

But the great dissolvent of the rigors of the older business life has been the new financial structure of the great business. Dean Inge in his address rightly described one important aspect of this change when he said that "the financier had dethroned the merchant, and now that wealth was appropriated rather than created, the connection between religious austerity and business was almost dissolved." It is true that in our time the financier, or manipulator of fluid capital, has assumed a position of paramount importance in the business world, and furnishes the most conspicuous examples of wealth. As banker, broker, company promoter, or money-dealer, he exercises an increasing control over all the leading forms of business life, and exacts a growing toll upon the operations of commerce and industry. Now, as Dean Inge observes, this type of business man does not want "the commercial virtues." Mere industry, thrift, and honesty would not serve his purpose; they might even curb his liberty of achievement. The audacity and spirit of speculation essential to the conduct of the larger financial concerns have, in fact, nothing in common with the moral values of the sober business life. But, after all, the term "financier" does not strictly apply to any large proportion of the rich members of modern industrial nations, the 11,000, for example, who in this country pay super-tax.

The really distinctive feature of our time is the number of well-to-do persons who live upon invested capital. Neither the qualities of the older business man nor of the financier are theirs. They are the products of the great revolution of business-structure produced within the last half century, the limited joint-stock company. As country after country, industry

after industry, have passed from the reign of private individual business enterprise into this new impersonal force, an immensely important effect has been produced upon the character, career, and moral attitude of the wealthy class in every country. The wealth of the landowner, the merchant, the older manufacturer, involved some definite functions and some personal relations of human obligation towards those who helped to make his money. But even in the case of landowners these relations have almost disappeared. The agents who collect their farming rents, their ground rents, and their mining royalties, relieve them of all sense of personal responsibility. Again, the really remunerative uses of land are more and more merged in capitalistic businesses worked as companies. The older landed aristocracy, moreover, have long ago taken to "the City," and live less and less on rents, more and more on dividends. This process of fusion by which the older county families have passed into commerce, while the prosperous bourgeois has taken on the status of a county magnate, has played a very important part in diluting the already weakened qualities of middle-class Protestant morals with the virtues and vices of the old barbarian aristocracy. As the latter moved citywards in order to "make money," so the city magnate moved into the country in order to become a sportsman and to "get into" county society. The result of this crossing of moral types has been a debased stock of leisured worldlings, in whom the manliness and the graces of character and manners belonging to the older type of county aristocracy have been corrupted by contagion with a luxurious city class which contributes less and less brains and industry to the making of the wealth it enjoys. The finance of modern business is mainly responsible for this. Nevertheless, it is not the financier, but the class living upon dividends that best exhibits the character of the full-fledged social parasite.

THE BOTHERSOME MALE.

COCK ROBIN, who, during the winter, kept every other robin of either sex out of his garden by force of arms, lately re-admitted his last year's mate, and now can scarcely make enough of her. To-day they met somewhere at the front of the house, and he evidently told her that he had something most particular to show her if she would come round to a nice quiet corner at the back. She did not come at once, but he egged her on, beckoned her on, drove her on, led her on by little stages until they reached the cold frames, which are in quite a secluded spot. And there he got her to sit for a moment on the edge of a frame, while he hopped on to a flower-pot immediately facing her, and showed her what wonderful thing he had to show. He thrust his beak at the sky, puffed his red chest into a sort of high-necked rectangularity, the chief effect of which was to destroy its nice round lines and break the plumage (at any rate, for the spectator, who had a profile view), and then he swayed himself with a sort of circular swagger, like a man with a very stiff and high collar trying to see the whole of himself in a glass without performing the impossibility of depressing his chin.

It is not often that we catch Mr. Robin at this particular antic. No doubt, he usually prefers to perform it when there is no other spectator but his lady-love. He is a very friendly little robin, but not quite so friendly as to make such an exhibition of himself before the gardener, if it can be helped. And when the gardener, later on, finding him alone, had the cruelty to caricature the performance, Cock Robin looked no less than what a schoolboy would call "rather sick." We had the curiosity to see whether Mr. Alexander Urquhart had anything to say about this courting antic in his new book of "Odd Hours with Nature" (Unwin). Yes, it has its place in that interesting miscellany. Posting himself "right in front of her," the courting robin is said to go through a "little pantomime":—

"This consisted in turning up the tail till it hung over the back at an angle that made its wearer resemble, in general outline, a wren, and to puff out the red breast and away the body from side to side. The whole air of the bird in this per-

formance was one of intense satisfaction with himself. . . . From the way in which he puffed it out and threw back his head, he appeared to be very conscious that the color of his breast, now at its brightest, was his strong decorative point, and a feature of which he was well justified in making the most."

The desire to make the most of his best feature is apparent enough. The pathos of it all is that he fails to make the best of himself or even of the attraction on which he concentrates his advertising power. Whoever has noticed the courting methods of any male animal has marked with astonishment the way in which the female receives them. Mr. Urquhart says that the lady robin looks at her wooer's antics "with what novelists call mingled annoyance and surprise." Our own impression is that she is actuated by a kindly resolve not to be, at any rate, an eager witness of the loved one's folly. When hereafter it shall occur to the sobered wooer that on a certain red-letter day he must have allowed his exuberance to make him rather laughable, it will be a comfort to him to reflect that she did not take very much notice of his extravagances; even that in their worst period she was not looking at all, and was in fact searching a cranny for a spider. For that is the direction often taken by her marked desire to see nothing of his posturings.

If an artist were shown the wonderful apparatus with which the peacock is supposed to fascinate his peahens, and with that information alone were asked to make a picture of his courting, he would be at a loss to show his hens in suitable attitudes of admiration. Should they bow their heads in maidenly homage before the charmer, or raise their wings in rapturous applause? The former attitude would be the happiest shot at the reality. They do bow their heads, though not in homage. They go on pecking at their food just as though this gorgeous gentleman did not exist. They seek the earwig or caterpillar right beneath his rustling wings or stamping feet, with an air of being bothered by his occupation of so much foraging ground, and bored by his unusually silly behavior.

We may get another view of the feminine attitude through the vulgar mind of the sparrow. The rowdy male of this species, whom some call by the splendid name of Philip, is not content with distant posturing like the robin. He spreads his tail and drags his wings in much the same way as the turkey cock, and like that polygamous bird (the sparrow is a monogamist in name only), he forces his strutting upon the object of his attentions, so that she may not ignore it. He rushes her as 'Arry rushes 'Arriet, and would show his affection for her by knocking her headlong. And she meets him at every turn open-mouthed, and if he won't be quiet otherwise (and he certainly won't) gives him shrewd bites, and even pulls some feathers out. They neither of them cut a good figure, but it is all his fault. No sparrow body could contain enough dignity to deal with such an unshameable hooligan as Philip is. If she flew away, not only this Philip but half-a-dozen others would be after her, chattering and fighting and even biting the lady in the licence of mob-law, as Philip never does when he is alone. If you want to keep the thing a little bit quiet, the only thing is to stand your ground and tweak.

Oh, ye foolish males, it is nothing to the purpose that you can show yourselves magnificent in your colors, and, as you vainly imagine, terrible in your struttings. The more outrageous you are, the less likely it is that you will prove yourselves useful helpmeets when the trials of matrimony come on, and the more you make the courted ones regret that one's life cannot be fulfilled without having to bother with men at all. The question is, not how gorgeous you are or how beautifully you can sing, but can you build a nest properly, can you carry worms, and will you take a fair share of these labors? Or, if you must make love, don't let it be with egoistic compulsion of admiration, the whole theme of it the grandeur of the man and the final impossibility of resistance on the part of the woman. Far more acceptable is a little deference, a little shifting of the centre of gravity to the distaff side.

What an example of unselfish devotion, of pleasure in the company of his beloved is that of the rosy-breasted

linnet just now! Wherever you see one linnet, you see two, and they move about as though they were tied together by a string not more than a yard long. She settles on a bank, and he settles on the same bank at the same moment, and only a foot away from her. She flies away, and he is drawn after her or moved with her by an identical will. In the same double harness they perch in a white-thorn spotted with the buds of May, and when they rise and let the wind drift them further, you are almost surprised that the string between them does not get entangled in the twigs. They do not look at one another; they just feel one another's presence. Of course, she flies about more than she need do, just for the pleasure of towing him after her, perhaps for the pleasure of showing the other linnets how devoted he is. He is quite as beautiful as the robin, but his magnificence, instead of being something to be blown up and boasted about, is a splendid offering on the altar of love.

Mr. Urquhart glances at the worries of the stag in love, or, we feel inclined to say, in conquest. It is very exhilarating no doubt to fight for the hind you love, knocking a doughty rival out of time, and sending him craven away, then receiving congratulations you never doubt to be sincere from the prize of your victory. But lust of battle carries the stag further. Presently he numbers his hinds by the dozen. Daily, in November, his right to such a plurality is more or less seriously challenged by the other stags whom his imperialism would deny the right to marry. When he is fighting at one quarter, some slim Lothario tries to carry off a hind or two from the other end of the herd, and worse than that, his hinds are ready to meet the would-be abductor half-way. They are held to their lord not by love, not even by admiration of his prowess, but by the fear of his antlers. He would be far better off with one wife, or as a compromise, say two or three. As it is, says Mr. Urquhart, "Of all the miserable animals in the world, a stag which has gathered a large harem of hinds is the most wretched."

WEALTH AND LIFE.

X.—CLASS (ii.).

FROM a social point of view, it is easy to exaggerate class distinctions; snobbery, which is still a power, does so always; the inverted snobbery of obsequiousness, of cap-touchings and curtsies, no less than the snobbery of position and respectability. Whether the various classes are inherently different, or whether they react differently to a given situation because their circumstances and life-experiences have been different—it amounts to the same thing. The worthy bishops who deplore (rather in vain so far) the lack of touch and intimacy between the classes, on the ground that all are children of God, would scarcely relish marrying their daughters (if the said daughters should be so disorderly in love) to the most excellent of young working men among their communicants, unless perhaps they could say: "Oh, a splendid fellow! Not a bit like . . . Well, quite one of us, you know. And he's obtained a very good post. . . ." When it comes to the point, the Kingdom of Heaven is not the heritage that counts.

Needless, also, to discuss which class, on the whole, is better and which worse. Each has its qualities and the defects of them. The relative excellence of differing qualities obviously depends on the different functions to be performed—a fact too often lost sight of by democratic theorists, and levellers up or down. For some sorts of work, other things being equal, the "gentleman" is indicated. It does not follow he is the better man. But he has been well drilled in a certain known code of conduct; in certain directions he can be fairly well relied on to go straight; he stands to be socially broke if he doesn't. As a rule, for example, he will not commit petty larceny, nor be bought over with money, though in ways sanctioned by law and custom he is more than willing to take part in what, effectively, amounts to robbery on a large scale. The handing over of the management of gentlemen's affairs to lawyers, who are gentlemen by Act of Parliament, has demonstrably led to practices which, probably, the gentlemen by birth would have been

neither clever enough, nor sufficiently ruthless, to carry through themselves.

Other equally necessary kinds of work, not less honorable if conventionally regarded so, only the worker can do, and keep on doing. Only the worker knows how to go on working without scope for ambition or the chance of bettering himself. Other classes would give in for lack of incentive. Right up the social scale there are, of course, plenty of round pegs in square holes; plenty working with their brains who had better be doing manual labor, and *vice versa*. Kindliness, honesty, courage, cut athwart class distinctions, but in different classes they have commonly to exercise themselves differently. The problem, for instance, of officers from the ranks and lower-deck, has not yet been solved to the satisfaction either of their fellow-officers or of the men under them. If they work out a personal *modus vivendi*, very likely their womenfolk upset it. Working men—and it is very significant—have two sorts of praise for men of other classes. Either they say, "He's a proper gentleman, and keeps his distance"; or else they say, "He's just like a fellow's self." Anything betwixt and between they do not like. English Royalty owes much of its popularity to its agility in jumping from one extreme to the other. If our civilization is still to be considered Christian, then undoubtedly the life of the workers, for all its surface failings, so exasperating to highly respectable social reformers, keeps nearer the original ideal, as opposed to the religious ideals of the churches.

There is, however, one respect, ordinarily overlooked, in which class differences are of the greatest importance, and have a profound bearing both on economics and on politics. It is this. Each class, each social grade, has its standard of living; furthermore, it has its normal expectations of (so to speak) the amount of life to be got out of life, its habitual methods of getting life out of life—some people, perhaps, by feeding delicately and listening to music, others by having a bellyful and going on the fiddle.

Now, it is easy enough, as everyone knows, to heighten or widen one's standard of life, for to do so is, indeed, simply to fulfil the impulse towards more life. On the other hand, it is difficult, or even disastrous, to retrace one's steps, to lower one's standard of life; it needs must be so, for it involves running counter to the impulse towards life; and, as we have seen, the impulse towards life, turned backwards, is an impulse towards death. Every day furnishes its examples. Except in the case of the young, the man whose standard of life is abruptly lowered, becomes demoralized. He loses efficiency, goes to bits. The retired man of affairs, whose business, as we quite correctly say, has been life to him, begins to die, and often does die, unless he takes up keenly something else—unless, that is to say, by changing his method of getting life out of life, he succeeds on the whole in maintaining his standard of life. But, at best, so deep a change of habit is recognized as a wrench. Men will not—they cannot—willingly lower their standard of life, nor yet submit to its being forced upon them. It is contrary to the root impulse which keeps them going. It is a partial suicide.

In so far, therefore, as their wealth is used in the maintenance of their standard of life, the wealthier classes will never willingly give it up, and in view of the political and economic power that wealth confers, they are scarcely likely to be made do so. Their surplus wealth, over and above what is not used for life—that could be taken from them, that can be safely taxed—that they may give, and freely, so long as their normal expectations, their standard of life, are not endangered or lowered. It is what working people mean by saying with the insight of bitter experience: "They'll give 'ee ort, they sort, but they won't never give up nort." They can't, when it comes to the point. And, in actual fact, however wrong they may feel the present distribution of wealth to be, they don't. It is, as everyone knows, comparatively easy to give of one's excess income, but so difficult to give of the money needed for one's current expenses—i.e., for maintaining one's habitual standard of life—that it is seldom or never done, except

in obedience to an altruistic sentiment of such strength that it amounts, in itself, to an accession of life from another direction.

As things are, it is plainly impossible to make the poor richer without making the rich poorer. Industry, on its present lines, is producing so much wealth and no more. The workers, to enforce their demand for more wealth, more life, may, and do, threaten to destroy the wealth-producing organism of which they form an essential part. But the wealthier classes are bound to resist to the death any such reduction of their wealth as would lower their standards of life. Rather than submit to it, they, on their side, would destroy that same wealth-producing organism of which they, too, form an essential, if over-rewarded, part. And the less wealthy classes, the poor themselves—neither will they risk lowering their respective standards of life, though it be for the most promising schemes in the long run. The expropriation of surplus wealth is politically possible, but not the expropriation of wealth that is being used to maintain habitual standards of life. For Socialists or any other reformers to blink these fundamental considerations is for them to try to swim against the mainstream of life, and it goes far to explain their non-success in really getting anything done, either by rich or poor, to equalize the distribution of wealth.

From the apparent deadlock, three ways of escape offer themselves. First, there is the fallacious method which goes by Board of Trade Returns—the speeding-up and extension of industrialism, so that merely the total wealth-production is increased. All may get a little more, it is true, but the distribution of wealth tends, in that case, towards a greater not a lesser inequality, and that, in fact, is what has happened with an up-bounding national income. Secondly, there is the re-organization of industry, so as not only to increase its wealth-production, but to lead to a better wealth-distribution. It is the way of escape most prominently advocated by economic Socialists, as opposed to the cruder varieties. But if carried out from the topside downwards, as is usually proposed, then the wealthy, as before, are already in a position to see that they do not lose by it, nor the poor substantially gain. This type of Socialistic legislation, so popular of recent years, has not, in fact, relatively improved the lot of the poor. If carried out, on the other hand, from the underside upwards, beginning with production and the actual producer. . . . We will examine later that more hopeful proposition.

For there is a third factor, hitherto left out for clearness' sake, but perhaps the most important of all in the upshot. In so far as wealth (in the broad sense) is used as a mean of life quantitative, it bears a fairly direct relation to the result attained. A certain amount of wealth in the form of food will support a certain number of people, a certain increase in population; and so on with other forms of wealth. Its better utilization is mainly a matter for science. But in so far as wealth is used to intensify life, to render it fuller and keener, there are, as one might say, two parties to that bargain; namely, the wealth itself, and the human user thereof. The quality of life achieved is the result of a reaction between the wealth and the individual, and depends very largely on the latter. Thus, one man with little wealth may achieve much life, and another man with much wealth may never be more than half-alive. And it is possible to change, to improve or degenerate, in those respects. The bachelor who has never been able to reduce his current personal expenses, succeeds on marriage: by finding in other ways more life in marriage, he makes good his standard of life. (And is apt to go back to his expensive bachelor ways when, by tiring of marriage, he ceases to find more life in it!) The religious man, having given up the pleasures of the world, finds a keener life in religion. Asceticism has its supersensualities. Those who advocate the simple life either are able to obtain more life from it, or else they complicate it far beyond the unsimple life, or throw it up altogether. Familiar instances could be multiplied. The old controversy between a practical and a liberal education is, at bottom, nothing but a conflict between the education which aids the acquirement of wealth and

the education which aids the best use of it—between economic efficiency and psycho-economic efficiency. Just as it is possible to use up much more wealth without achieving more life, without, in effect, raising one's standard of life, so it is possible—by changing and improving one's habitual method of getting life out of life, and by that means only—to use up less wealth, and still not to lower one's standard of life, or even to increase it. The change is psychological, not economic. For that reason, every marked advance in the civilization of mankind and in economic progress must necessarily have its spiritual side, and in history always has had.

Here we see how it is that the young can stand better than their elders a decrease in wealth, and a lowering of their standard of life. They have more resistance, more strength and lifetime to earn back the wealth; they have, in addition, more adaptability to find life somehow else. Here, too, we see why the poor are not unhappy in proportion to their poverty, nor the rich happy in proportion to their wealth. The poor, perforce, know better how to extract life from wealth; they hold closer to those means of life-intensification which all men share and which are less dependent on wealth. If the rich have the economic advantage, the psycho-economic advantage rests with the poor.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

Short Studies.

THE GARE SAINT-LAZARE CLOCK.

It was Mardi-Gras, and every café within the zone of the Saint-Lazare clock was black and white with holiday humanity. Out from the station and through the arteries of the Rue du Havre, the Rue d'Amsterdam, and all the others, the urbane carousers poured, for the most part humdrum and colorless. But again and again, through this or that floating umbrella-blotched patch of Paris, white maillot gleamed in so many ironical slits. All were glad, and in this admirable confusion umbrella and maillot met on equal terms. For the rest, taxi-cabs, as though asphyxiated by the all-pervading vis-inertiae of crowded pleasantries, were almost respectful to human life; the very *cochers* flicked more soberly. Pedestrians, wedged together like capricious sardines, were masters of a confetti-laden Paris. And still, from every exit of the Gare Saint-Lazare, newly-arrived provincials renewed their citizenship of the world.

I watched it all, grateful as usual for Paris and to her, and then, like a rabbit, I bobbed into a chair before a little table could be captured by innumerable competitors advancing from almost as many directions. A waiter must have heard me say something, for he brought me Italian Vermouth, a sufficient passport to watch the avalanche without being absorbed by it. It still flowed on, restless and yet with a certain mocking patience, gay and yet low-voiced, perfectly sophisticated, while lending itself to the most childish antics. Only from time to time thin wedges of Anglo-Saxondom from both sides of the Atlantic cut their way disconsolately as though, even in the subdued precincts of the Gare Saint-Lazare, this discreet carnival was, after all, one of equivocal propriety. This attitude seemed to me so genuine that I ventured to comment on it to a small compatriot whose brick-colored face would have stared Mardi-Gras itself out of countenance, if it had not been looking the other way. His cheeks were taut as strained leather, and only the quite white hair, close-cropped and thick over the small bullet head and short upper lip, betrayed any external hint as to his age.

"We English," I said, "used to walk about as though Paris belonged to us, and now we walk about as though we didn't belong to Paris. It isn't much of a change, after all."

He glanced up from some remote *apéritif* which he refused to taste, and looked me straight in the eyes for at least thirty long seconds. And from the very entrails of the man I could see, as with X-rays, two opposing eddies

of spleen slowly converging. First, there was the natural desire to punish me for addressing him, but deeper, stronger, more insatiable than that, was the desire to express disapprobation, not merely of me, but of everybody in sight.

"Not much of a change! So that's the way it strikes you, does it? As a matter of fact, it has all changed. The Frenchman has changed; France has changed; there isn't a familiar face in Paris."

"They are getting more like us," I said, and, for a second, he looked at me as though he intended to resent the familiarity of that personal pronoun.

"Us!" he spluttered out. "When we were worth copying, they didn't copy us. Besides, an Englishman expects to find Frenchmen in France. It is what he's used to. They never dared to imitate us in my day."

"Never 'dared' to imitate you! Surely you mean 'cared'?"

He opened his mouth to explain, but just then a young girl, through the folds of whose dark green cloak a yellow ochre doublet peeped defiantly, threw deliberately a sprinkling of confetti down his throat. He was spluttering in real earnest now, and by the time that he had found his voice, he had forgotten all hostility towards myself.

"There it is—the New Paris! In my day, an Englishman was looked up to as an Englishman, but now, by God! who is to tell which language any odd little whipper-snapper is going to murder? What with their English words, their English teas, and their American bars, one might as well have stopped at home. They're dressed as though they'd come from our misfit tailors. They talk golf and football. . . ."

"And they box a bit, too," I reminded him.

"We usen't to have that kind of fiasco in London when I was young. I'll say nothing about the air, for I'll admit that they're clever at the start in all the new-fangled notions that don't last. But it would make my old father sit up in his grave to hear of a Frenchman knocking out an English champion. The fact is, the French used to know better than to try that kind of thing. Everything is out of place, and everybody is, too. It's bad enough in London, but one feels it more in Paris. It's all wrong. An English gentleman used to be something in Paris, but now he is of less consequence than a lamp-post."

"He doesn't give as much light," I said, and then he glared at me as though he could throw considerable light upon my character.

But I appeared to be necessary to him, if only as a safety-valve, and presently he began to speak of his own Paris, of the old revered cafés, of the Tuileries under the Second Empire, of the Palais Royal before the ghosts of history had closed in upon it for ever. The spleen evaporated from his voice, and it became almost mellow with memory. The cheeks puffed less tauntly, and in their leathery sockets the little eyes, no longer enraged, twinkled out upon a phantom Paris.

Backwards and forwards splashed the waves of Mardi-Gras, but he was in the summers before Sedan, the days when Paris was as yet unconquered either by Von Moltke of Berlin or Thomas Cook of London. The Paris of to-day had ceased to exist for him. A French novel meant to him Paul de Kock; "Galignani's Messenger" was a personal memory; Bernhardt seemed to him a novelty, and Offenbach a reality. And thinking aloud amid all this turmoil of the new gaiety, the old man told of how M. Got would take snuff upon one stage, and how Cora Pearl would drive her famous horses on another. The ghosts of the past certainly gathered around him, renewing their own savor of life through his intimate recollections. The lost boulevards of the *flâneur* emerged from the remote past. I had been wrong in judging the man, I told myself, for he, too, was a lover of Paris. Only it was the grandmother that he loved, while I was devoted to the mother! As for the granddaughter, she was dancing disdainfully away from us both to the mocking rhythm of Mardi-Gras.

"What is the time?" I asked him at last as the sombre truth of this little analysis came home to me. And then, as we both glanced up at the clock of the

Gare Saint-Lazare, the old sense of grievance came back to him.

"Half-past eighteen! I hadn't noticed that. They couldn't even let the face of the clock alone. They must change even the time with the women's figures."

"Paris is on the side of the future," I said, but the platitude fluttered on him harmlessly. He was pushing away his *apéritif* as he would have liked to push away the intrusion of modern Paris. After all, he was a quite old man, and, perhaps, his *spleen Anglais* was only an old-fashioned mask like any other of Mardi-Gras.

"They might have left the old clock alone," he went on, and then he began to babble about the days when that clock had been the one familiar face to him in all the great city. But very soon there had been other faces, and of these, too, he babbled awkwardly for a few minutes. Oh yes, they certainly ought to have left the old clock alone.

"It's nearly nineteen o'clock," I said at last. "Yes, you're quite right, sir, things really are changing."

He held out his yellowish, ungloved hand while he still stared at the clock. "Tout passe, tout lasse, tout casse," he muttered. "Why, in a way, the clock up there is the symbol of it all. Even at my age I suppose one has to learn to like new faces."

"Why not?" I answered, as we shook hands. And all Paris, with her inexhaustible renewal of youth, that renewal which has so bewildered the optimistic pessimists of gothic alien lands, seemed to repeat, amid showers of confetti and all the hurly-burly of Mardi-Gras, "Why not? Why not? Why not?" Only, as the clock struck the incongruous signal of the hour, the old gentleman shook his head mournfully as if the one familiar face in a once familiar city were not smiling on him as women smile on youth; but, on the contrary, were jeering out: "Va-t'en, va-t'en, veillard, c'est ta propre heure qui sonne."

J. A. T. LLOYD.

Letters to the Editor.

SOUTH AFRICA AND BRITISH LIBERALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You dealt so effectively in your note with the main heads of Mr. R. C. K. Ensor's apology for Mr. Smuts that I hesitate to add to it. I would, if space permits, like to comment on one of his paragraphs which would, if left unchallenged, give an entirely erroneous impression.

Mr. Ensor declares, with all the emphasis of italics, that Mr. Smuts advocated boldly the encouragement of white immigration on Australian and Canadian lines. This is true as far as platform utterances go. When one looks for actions, what do we find? First, that Mr. Smuts is a powerful—there are those who say the most powerful, not excluding the Prime Minister—member of a Cabinet which has, week in and week out, been accused by the alleged British Parliamentary Opposition of doing nothing to help white settlement, of having made provision so derisory that it does not even cover its own South African born poor whites.

Next comes this culminating campaign of the last nine months. Can anyone seriously believe that Mr. Smuts—brilliant Cambridge graduate though he be—can square a policy of encouragement of the white worker and settlers with one which is out to smash trade unionism? Mr. Smuts's reputation, among friends and foes alike, is that he is too clever by half. He has created a position in which he will find that cleverness stretched to its limits in reconciling his dual rôle of the upholder of white immigration and the denouncer of unionism. Is the Cambridge graduate ignorant of the fact that the mission of organized labor is as clearly to create a proletariat, possessing not only the political freedom that is theoretically conceded it already, but the economic freedom without which political freedom is as nought? Surely, it is the part of Mr. Smuts's friends to emphasize the white workers' need of economic liberty rather than to uphold him in his wrongheadedness, if wrongheadedness it be.

One more point. Mr. Ensor will have it that the fear of native rising is real, and quotes "hundreds of assegais." Now, I have seen many things in native compounds, and if I had seen the hundred assegais, I would not have gone the length that Mr. Ensor would have me go at that apparition. I would like to have very clear evidence as to how the assegais came to be there. For, owing to the horrible, semi-servile system of compounding natives, and the vastness of the illicit traffic of all sorts that it breeds, the police system has come to be based on methods of espionage and police-trapping utterly at variance with our notions. The fact that the three cases of alleged dynamiting tried in Johannesburg were dismissed, and one of them was clearly proved to be the work of a police trap, should make one hesitate to accept statements about hundreds of assegais without very decisive proof of their origin and ultimate intended use.

The very Report of the Witwatersrand Disturbances Commission which Mr. Ensor quotes supports the view of the unimportance of the native scare; for in a report covering sixty-five pages, only one paragraph deals with this aspect of the trouble. This is illuminative. If this fear of a native rising had been real, it would surely have received more detailed consideration. It is important, too, because the South African Government has buttressed up its weak case by saying, in effect, if none of the reasons given can hold, fear of a native rising is, in the last resort, an all-sufficient excuse for any action, however arbitrary.

What should be still more conclusive proof of the weakness of the native scare argument lies in this. Any native outbreak would be a war of black against white. The natives would not, if they could, make distinctions between the white oppressor and oppressed. Now, the very first to suffer in a native outbreak would be the white workers on the mines and their wives and children who live in and around the native compounds, not the people who are crying out now that fear of natives is an excuse for withholding from the white worker liberty to find his economic salvation as freely as it is conceded him to find political salvation.

Is it likely that the white workers in these circumstances are deliberately bringing down on their own heads, and on the heads of those dear to them, this awful risk?—Yours, &c.,

E. L. C. WATSON.

March 15th, 1914.

AGRICULTURAL LABORERS' HOLIDAYS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The question of leisure hours for the agricultural laborer has for a long time been simmering in the minds of both master and laborer; but the action of His Majesty on the Sandringham Estates has brought the matter at once into the field of practical politics. The solution which has been adopted by His Majesty is a simple one—viz., to make Saturday afternoons a half-holiday throughout the year. Whether there is any special arrangement in respect to harvest, I am not aware. I venture to think that this weekly half-holiday scheme, which has now become a catch-word among the Norfolk laborers who are on strike, is not by any means the best that can be devised.

From the point of view of the employer, it would often be a matter of extreme difficulty and inconvenience to let all the men go off at mid-day on Saturdays, seeing that on the following day also no work will be done. And from the men's point of view it has also objections; for if they do get a half-holiday every week, they are all the more firmly excluded from getting what is far more important—i.e., a continuous holiday for themselves, their wives, and their children.

Having to attack this problem myself, although in a very small way, I have, during the last year, given it every consideration, and at the end of last year I laid before my men the following plan: Every man working on the farm was to have ten days' holiday in the year, during which time he would receive full pay. He might take those ten days in any form he liked, the only conditions being that nothing less than half a day was to be demanded, and that arrangements were to be made with the bailiff before leaving work. It was further arranged that if any man did not take all his ten days, he should, on December 31st in each year, receive the equivalent in money for any part of the ten days he had

not used as a holiday. In this way, every man is at perfect liberty to take his holidays how and when he pleases. Moreover, the scheme, of course, is perfectly elastic, and any number of days can be substituted for the ten, which, in my opinion, meets at present all the requirements.

This holiday scheme was at once received with acclamation by all the workmen, and already one or two have used it, but in a manner quite different from that in which the Saturday afternoons would be employed. Recently, a laborer had three days off, and took his wife and child away; another man, directly he had grasped the idea of the scheme, said to me: "Well, sir, I shall give up smoking from this day, and what I save, with this holiday money, will take me and my missus for a week to the seaside. We have never had a holiday, and never the hope of getting one till this minute."

It is all too early to talk of results; but I feel confident that the plan I have suggested gives to the laborer far more what he wants than a fixed Saturday half-holiday, and it is, further, a scheme by which the employer is able to meet the wishes of his laborers in a legitimate and sensible manner, without crippling his own interests.—Yours, &c.,

REDCLIFFE N. SALAMAN.

Homestall, Barley, nr. Royston, Herts.

March 18th, 1914.

EPIRUS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Can anyone doubt, after the events of the last few weeks, that the claim made by certain enthusiastic pro-Albanians that the Greeks had no moral support in Northern Epirus was quite incorrect, and that the common use of the Albanian language was not real evidence of an anti-Greek sentiment? Had it existed, nothing more than a military occupation, such as has occurred since the war, would have stimulated it; but we find that in the districts where it might have been suspected of being the strongest, the peasantry are rising in arms against the proposed new Government, and are throwing in their lot with the Greek insurgents. These people have had a year's trial of Greek methods of government, and seem to prefer what they know, rather than throw in their lot with the unknown. Were it suspected that the Greeks were a cruel and rapacious race of adventurers, whose only object was to possess themselves of the land long cultivated by the Albanian peasantry, this is the opportunity that would be seized to help drive them back to the country whence they came; but the reverse is seen to be the case. There is only one solution, but it is a simple one: Epirus is Greek in sympathy, even though its common language may be a variation of that spoken generally throughout Albania proper.

The frontier line, drawn on a map in the Foreign Office and accepted by the Powers as a solution of the vexed question of how much of Epirus shall be given back to the new Albanian Kingdom and how much shall be left to the Greeks, is one possessing not a single military feature. It follows no line of watershed, or river, or mountain-chain, and to protect it from either side would require forces quite out of proportion to any that can be raised by either country. Were a state of perpetual peace probable between the Greeks and Albanians, this might matter little; but we now know that, short of converting the country north of this line into a waste—an abomination of desolation—feuds will be the order of the day—a constant drain on the military and financial resources of the new kingdom. And yet it is from this strip of Epirus the chief financial assistance is to be sought; indeed, it was this consideration undoubtedly which suggested the line of frontier to be drawn along its present course.

The frontier along the line Koritza-Teppelini-Khimara, forming the northern borders of Epirus, is naturally very strong, and one easily defended, while leaving the eastern border of Epirus within the Greek zone. The new frontier adds over a hundred miles of difficult country to defend on the Macedonian border, as well as the flat, defenceless line drawn on the map by the diplomatists, bisecting Epirus. Little wonder there is dissatisfaction expressed at Athens—less at the loss of conquered territory than at the gratuitous addition of burdens so unjust, thrown upon Greek shoulders in the name of peace.

It is a strange doctrine for Great Britain to lend her name and influence to force a people to place themselves under a Government not of their own choice. She refuses to act so with Ulster, why with Epirus?—Yours, &c.,

A. GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD.

Blundellsands, March 18th, 1914.

TEACHERS AT £20 PER ANNUM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The idea seems general that English children remain at school till the age of 14, and are taught by competent teachers. These conditions may obtain in the larger urban areas, except in the half-time centres (Bradford and the cotton towns), and may prevail also in one or two of the better counties; but, unfortunately, there are still many districts where the statutory age for total exemption is 13, and some where it is 12. Moreover, in many schools children may be, for nearly half their short school life, in the care of "supplementary" teachers.

Supplementary teachers are persons who need have no educational qualifications whatsoever, except that they must be (1) over 18, (2) re-vaccinated, (3) approved by His Majesty's Inspector.

I have not yet heard of any person fulfilling conditions 1 and 2 who has not been automatically approved for the purpose of clause 3 when submitted for inspection.

A glance at the advertisements of the current issue of "The Schoolmaster" will show how the authorities appraise the services of these persons. Brecon and Salop offer them £30 per annum in full remuneration, Lindsey and Dorset £30 to £40, Norfolk £35 rising to £40, and Essex a minimum of £30, with somewhat better prospects. Radnor suggests that a headmaster should bring with him "a wife or other relative," to be rewarded with £27 10s. to £32 10s., and Bedford offers £20 as its minimum. Kent, Leicester, and the East Riding merely state that they have vacancies for such teachers among others. Wilts, Hants, and the West Riding offer posts for "all grades," but do not specify the salary. Many other authorities engage such persons, but are too discreet to advertise openly. 13,473 such teachers (!) were in employment in 1912-13, having the care of about one-twelfth of the elementary school population, and a recent order permits local bodies to continue to employ them till 1919. The Board of Education has time and again fixed a term at which supplementary teachers should "qualify" or cease to teach, but never fails to extend the term when local bodies murmur.

I leave your readers to judge of the existence which these "supplementaries" support on a salary of 11s. 7d. a week in Brecon, Lindsey, Dorset, Salop, and elsewhere, and on 7s. 9d. in some Bedfordshire villages. Be it remembered that they have to keep up appearances, cannot live at home, since authorities prefer "outsiders" and do not engage "locals," and that very few of them can have any other source of income. What possible prospect can they have of "qualifying"? How shall they be able to buy books or pay class-fees? And what can be the nature of the instruction they impart?

But this is not the whole of the story. Very many more of our elementary scholars are supervised (can one venture to say taught?) by uncertificated lasses and lads, paid not very much better. It seems that many of these are plucky enough to attempt to prepare for a "qualifying" examination, though I am assured that when they have secured the certificate, many of the authorities continue to pay them at "uncertificated" rates.

To what an extent teachers are being displaced by such substitutes may be guessed from the Norfolk advertisement which appeals for 50 supplementaries, 83 uncertificated teachers (of whom only two are to be men), and one trained certificated teacher.

It will be evident that one may not argue from the moderately good conditions of our larger towns, and of the few efficient counties, nor from the existence of Messrs. Pease and Selby Bigge in their snug bureau, that all is well in the educational world.—Yours, &c.,

W. E. M. LLEWELLYN.

134, Lewisham Road, London, S.E.

March 18th, 1914.

LAND VALUES TAXATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I agree with Mr. Gordon that individual instances are insufficient to dispose of principles, but my object was to call attention to difficulties and to obtain some idea of the method by which the principle of Land Value Taxation would deal with them. I gave two instances of the result of provisional valuation, the present assessed rents being £1,862 and £60, or in the proportion of 31 to 1, the "Assessable Site Values" being respectively £33,506 and £12, or 2,800 to 1. Mr. Gordon states that the basis for assessment proposed is not to be "Assessable Site Value," but "Original Full Site Value," and as the figures in my two cases on that footing are £33,625 and £116, or 290 to 1, it may be admitted that the inequality I pointed out will be considerably reduced, but the net result appears to me to remain very much what I said in my first letter, namely, that the owner of the town lot will have to bear several times the burden of rates that he bears just now. Mr. Gordon admits this when he says, "owners stand to gain whose improvement value in relation to land value exceeds the average" of this throughout the area, but in both my cases the sites are already fully developed from the point of view of "improvements," and it seems inequitable that the result of any such change as is contemplated should be to increase the burden on those who already bear a full share of local and imperial taxation.

Mr. Gordon's reference to undeveloped land in and around urban centres is just what I expected, and we agree in thinking that what is wanted is some system of assessment that will make such property bear its fair share of the burdens. I should like, however, to see some proof of the existence and extent of such land, and I shall look forward with interest to the sample which we are promised as an illustration. My own view has always been that the object in view could be better effected by taking the selling value of land and improvements combined as the basis for assessment, because this appears to me to be more easily reconciled with the main principles of taxation, "ability to pay," and "benefit derived," than the selection of one portion only of a man's property, the plot of ground occupied by him. The instances which I have given, which are admittedly extremes with endless variations between, show that the value of a site bears quite an arbitrary relation to the value of the improvements thereon, even although the site may have been developed to its utmost capacity.

Mr. Gordon has incidentally referred to another of the objects which the advocates of Land Value Taxation are believed to have in view, namely, that one result of such a basis of taxation will be cheaper land, as the assessment may be the last straw, compelling owners of undeveloped land to sell, and to sell at cheaper rates. As one who has spent a good deal of time in the past few years endeavoring to convince electors that if you tax corn you make it dearer, I fail to see why a different result should follow increased taxation of land. True, there may be cases where an owner may be led to accept a cheaper price to escape taxation, but the purchaser will get the land no cheaper in the end, as the taxation capitalized as a deduction from his price will have to be borne by him annually so long as he holds the land.—Yours, &c.,

D. W. COTTON.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE WELSH CHURCH BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You commence your timely and most suggestive article in this week's issue in the following pregnant terms, and they are worthy of reproduction:—

"Liberals have been so accustomed of late to the plea that they must consider their opponents' case before their own, that they may be pardoned for asking how the new turn in the Irish situation affects them. In our view it affects them very seriously."

I am in complete agreement with all the article sets forth in respect to the political, or perhaps the Parliamentary, position anent the leading questions during the last two years.

Take the case of the Welsh Church Bill and its variegated experience and career through Parliament. No

doubt considerable apprehension exists among the Welsh people lest the Government should be drawn once more to make further concessions, financial and otherwise, in order to assuage the Church party in Wales and in England. Too much, according to the opinion of many of us, has already been conceded—such as the retention of Queen Anne's Bounty and the Parliamentary grants by the Establishment.

I should not be at all surprised to find, ultimately, that the Church party would be quite willing to capitulate and to accept the Disestablishment portion of the Bill, provided the Establishment retained all the endowments and the material effects intact. There is every indication of this, judging by the public utterances and letters and present attitude of clergymen and others. There was the precious deputation to the Prime Minister recently: the endowments were the burden of their message; and poor Nonconformists can be good and pious if they will only protest against disendowment, and some of them are likely to be canonized. We know that the Bishops of St. David's and St. Asaph have been out during the controversy; the first apparently for the defence of the Establishment, and the latter for the Endowments. Bishop Owen is never tired of styling the Bill "a mean little measure" which, if passed, would "sever Wales from the national recognition of religion," and "lower the ideal of the State in Wales"; whilst Bishop Edwards harps upon the alleged financial ruin to the Church, and particularly in his own diocese, where we are often told "there are 120 parishes, which, if the Bill becomes law, would be stripped of every halfpenny of Endowments."

There is a great danger yet for the Government at the last moment to give in to the idea of further concessions in deference to ecclesiastical hysteria, in order to have the measure passed somehow or anyhow. There is a loose spirit of compromise abroad in British politics which the rank and file of the Progressive Liberal Party fail to understand and appreciate, especially with the Parliament Act passed for the purpose of facilitating the passage of those contentious measures into law.

Should the Government be tempted to entertain the question of more temporal concessions, what is the attitude of the Welsh Parliamentary representatives to be? Are they to acquiesce quietly in the event of such a contingency? Grave responsibility rests upon them individually and collectively; it is generally recognized that the Welsh Liberal M.P.s, as a body, did not rise to the occasion over this, after all, great national Welsh question, either in Parliament or in the country. They seemed to fail or miss to interpret the Welsh national feeling and experience, their efforts being wanting in deliberate action and tactics, and being of an academical character. Yet, probably this can be attributed, in a degree, to a too sanguine faith in the Government. The militant Welsh Bishops and their remarkable manœuvring have been treated too lightly—we admire their assiduity, but not their methods. It is time for the people of Wales to speak up on the situation, in order to impress Parliament and the Government that there must be no more shilly-shally over the Bill, which, as it stands, contains only a modicum of justice to meet their long-standing and patient demand.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH EDWARDS.

Liverpool, March 14th, 1914.

QUAKERISM AND FORCED SERVICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Please allow me to reply to Mr. J. W. Graham's attack, in your issue of February 28th, upon the motives of the National Service League, and upon my own audacity for daring to quote the writings of members of the Society of Friends. Controversialists will perhaps forgive him for juggling with the word "conscription," even although Colonel Seely has explicitly denied that this question-begging word can be accurately applied to universal military training. But Mr. Graham can claim no excuse for his statement that conscientious objectors in Australia "are sent to prison." By last year's amending Act no Australian can be committed to prison for failure to train. Nor is Mr. Graham justified in his assumption that all members of the Society of Friends are opposed to National Service. A reference to the illuminating debate in the Friends' Adult School in Sheffield last month will show him his illusion on this point.

He drifts in his letter from lengthy quotations to an argument confusing war with military training on to an interesting digression concerning the psychology of armaments; and, finally, in the sixth paragraph, reveals his real objection to a citizen army. Mr. Graham evidently sees a Machiavelli in Lord Roberts, a sinister conspiracy in the National Service League's open propaganda, and a game of "make-believe" in the distinguished "non-party" deputation which waited on Mr. Asquith recently. What arguments can reply to such mistrust of fellow-countrymen? Lord Roberts has declared again and again that all he asks for is a Territorial Army on a compulsory basis, minus the present caste system of officers, plus efficiency in training, designed purely for home defence. "No matter," says in effect, Mr. Graham, "I will continue to shout 'conscription' and insinuate 'make-believe,' and symbolize in my own speeches and epistles that pugnacity of spirit and attribution of evil motive, which I am the first to deplore in my opponents."

The advocates of universal military training have always proved anxious to respect all men's religious scruples, and to appreciate the zeal and sincerity of those who honestly believe that national service would be harmful to this country. Let Mr. Graham reply in the same spirit, and not be content with light-hearted misrepresentations of a cause which, according to the responsible words of our Prime Minister, is supported "with so much authority and with so much cogency of argument."—Yours, &c.,

B. S. TOWNROE.

Mere House, Newton-le-Willows.

WAFFLES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The origin and family connections of the word may interest your readers. Here they are:—

Sanskrit: Vabh. } = Weave.
Indo-German: Webh. }
German: Wabe (honeycomb); English: Web.
Old English: Wafre, Wafoure; English: Wafer, Waffle.
Old French: Waufre, Goffre, Goffer, Gopher.
French: Gauffre.
German: Waffel.
Dutch: Wafel.

It seems evident that the patterns in woven fabrics gave their names to the honeycomb in Germany, and both the Wafer and the Waffle in England.—Yours, &c.,

A. THIEME.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W.
March 17th, 1914.

Poetry.

SOME POEMS OF RELIGION.

A HOLY MAN IN THE DESERT.

I.

My thoughts are pallid moths that flit and flit
About my soul's small upward-thrilling flame,
Their hovering wings do near extinguish it,
And in the heavy dark I sink in shame.
I want you not, uncalled to me you came,
Moth thoughts, soft thoughts, do not destroy my soul!
It is my lamp, my life, my happy whole,
It burned so calmly to the sacred name.

But now you were a host of golden bees
In that light gilded and emblazoned,
Returning laden from the airy seas
With piled-up sweet and treasure harvested,
Your homing wings were decked and perfumed
With secret buds and raptured flowers' embrace,
With swaying boughs that stroke the heavens' face,
And all the honey that the winds have shed.

The pale wings fall like petals on my breast,
I cannot brush them hence, I cannot strive,
They make a murmuring as they lie at rest
Sweeter than bee-song in the summer hive,
They are more strong than I, more, more alive.
My light is quenched, yielding and dumb I hear
Stirring the dark, invincibly draw near
Thoughts that from out my heart I cannot drive.

II.

Dawn! And a clean air and a wind that blows
Cool as spring water in a hidden well,
Through my dulled veins until the quick blood glows;—
Dawn! And the new sun whitening my cell.
I, of my soul the vanquished sentinel,
With sudden gladness as new-washed of sin,
Fling wide the door and all athirst drink in
The quiet world, the dew-drenched morning smell.

Bright and hard fleshed am I as polished stone,
Clear as a cup of crystal without stain,
I stand upright and joy to stand alone.
And feel myself unmastered once again.
"Unmastered"! God forgive me! 'tis in vain
I seek to bow my head, for the old pride
Is obdurate, and will not be denied
When under foot I think to have it slain.

Pardon me, O my God! for Thy good light
It is that puts repentance from my soul;
I cannot weep because the evil night
Is stripped from me, and I am safe and whole;
I am my own thanksgiving, need not dole
To Thee tears and self-braidings. Here I stand
Happy before the wonders of Thy hand,
The radiant morning and the long hill's roll.

SYLVIA LYND.

LARKS AT DAWN.

EARTH's star-vaulted Pantheon
Opens its clear roof-ring
For that escaping pean
Of tremblers on the wing,
From the very threshold of the empyrean
To pour forth what they sing

Mount to heights yet austerer
My soul! Be thou upcast,
Projected like a mirror
Of fire, on the live blast,
And from thee, as from a crystal, but yet clearer
Let the new day be glassed!

HERBERT TRENCH.

SIGHT AND INSIGHT.

WHEN I first met you, I did not consent.
The dark, swift, innermost Creature touched me, "See!"
I saw; and nodded: "Ay! but naught to me!"
"Speak! speak to her!" And I would not. And so
you went.
But when, without my willing, you were sent,
I did not heed my steps: I said—"Let be!"
"This is the precinct of Eternity—"
"These are the pathways of Home in banishment:"
And that dark Creature led me. And We were glad,
For you were Our companion. But then—you turned,
Glowed suddenly on me out of the Kingdom of Night,
And questioned whence those certainties I had.
Ah! Psyche! Psyche! That was not Our light,
That Lamp's dim, wavering flare, with drops that
burned!

S. O.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Notes of a Son and Brother." By Henry James. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)
- "Recollections of Sixty Years." By the Right Hon. Sir Charles Tupper. (Cassell. 16s. net.)
- "The Wellesley Papers: The Life and Correspondence of Richard Colley Wellesley, Marquis Wellesley." (Jenkins, 2 vols. 32s. net.)
- "The Way to Industrial Peace and the Problem of Unemployment." By B. Seebohm Rowntree. (Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "Social Work in London (1869-1912)." By Helen Bosanquet. (Murray. 8s. net.)
- "Interpretations and Forecasts." By Victor Branford. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Plays." By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. (Constable. 5s. net.)
- "My Days of Adventure: The Fall of France, 1870-1871." By E. A. Vizetelly. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Fortunate Youth." By William J. Locke. (Lane. 6s.)
- "Boccaccio: Etude Biographique et Littéraire." Par Henri Hauvette. (Paris: Colin. 6fr.)
- "La Révolte des Anges." Roman Par Anatole France. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)

Mr. BECKLES WILLSON, the author of "The Life and Letters of James Wolfe" and "The Romance of Canada" has been chosen to write the official biography of Lord Strathcona. Mr. Willson has made a special study of Canadian history, and few writers are better qualified to be the biographer of the statesman to whom Canada is so much indebted.

IN "Douglas Jerrold of 'Punch,'" Mr. Walter Jerrold only wrote of one aspect of his grandfather's life, and we are glad to hear that he has now finished a fuller biography than was possible when Mr. Blanchard Jerrold brought out "The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold" in 1859. Douglas Jerrold is now mainly thought of as a wit and the author of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," but his comedies give him a place in the history of British drama, and his novels and essays are not without merit. As a journalist, too, he has many claims to be remembered. He founded several newspapers, and it was under his editorship that "Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper" rose to a position of influence. Jerrold was a keen Liberal, employing his pen to support Mazzini, Kossuth, and Louis Blanc, as well as against war and in favor of social reform.

A TRADE UNION of authors would be thoroughly in accord with the spirit of the times, though we doubt whether it is possible to realize the project which is now being discussed in the correspondence columns of "The Athenæum." At present the closest approach to such an organization is the Society of Authors, and that body has hitherto found it impossible "to form a union on a similar basis to the trades unions which govern mechanical labor." In France the dramatic authors have managed to establish and work a union of their own, but their British colleagues have not been able to follow this example. The Society of Authors is not, however, devoid of some of the less desirable features of the trade-union temper. Mr. Charles Garvice, the Vice-Chairman of its Committee of Management, has written to "The Athenæum" reproving Mr. W. J. Cameron for having ventilated the subject in the press instead of communicating with his Committee when he desired to raise "any question as to protection of authors' rights." Is not this precisely the attitude of a trade-union leader, whose main energies are bent on the preservation of discipline?

ONE of Mr. Cameron's suggestions is that authors might produce a journal of their own, in which books of poetry would be reviewed by poets, novels by novelists, and so forth. But is not this plan based on the old confusion between the creative and the critical faculties? A cook is not necessarily a better judge of a dinner than the diners, nor is a novelist's estimate of a novel of more value than that of a professional reviewer, whose business it is to be acquainted with what is best in contemporary fiction. A poet or a novelist has his own theories of poetry or fiction, and is likely to do less than justice to divergent schools. Moreover, he will be inclined

to deal almost exclusively with the technique and craftsmanship of the author he is considering. Of course, there is a good deal of modern reviewing which is either perfunctory or incompetent, and there is some in which the influence of publishers' advertisements can be detected. A journal where authors reviewed the books of their colleagues would be free from these faults.

THERE are some interesting remarks on this topic of reviewing in Mr. Arnold Bennett's "The Truth About an Author," a second edition of which was published last week by Messrs. Methuen. "I have come to the conclusion," he says, "that the chief characteristic of all bad reviewing is the absence of genuine conviction, of a message, of a clear doctrine; the incompetent reviewer has to invent his opinions." To this Mr. Bennett might have added lack of courage on the part of reviewers. Anybody who is in the habit of reading reviews cannot fail to be impressed by the fact that very few of their writers seem to be capable either of vigorous denunciation or of generous praise. It is true that only a small proportion of books deserve either, but the trouble is that this small proportion are too often dealt with in the same timid and halting manner as the mediocrities. Reviewers as a rule play for safety. They are afraid to commit themselves, and their work is on this account less interesting and of less authority than if they had more courage or fewer scruples.

THE most frequent charge brought against reviewers is that they do not read through all the books they notice. Mr. Bennett answers this by the assertion that "in the case of nine books out of ten, to read them through would be not a work of supererogation—it would be a sinful waste of time on the part of a professional reviewer." He confines this statement to novels, explaining that a reviewer who knows his business can form a correct judgment about the majority of novels with amazing swiftness. Writing of his own work as a reviewer, he says:—

"The performances of the expert in any craft will surprise and amaze the inexpert. . . . The title-page—that conjunction of the title, the name of the author, and the name of the publisher—speaks to me, telling me all sorts of things. The very chapter headings deliver a message of style. The narrative everywhere discloses to me the merits and defects of the writer; no author ever lived who could write a page without giving himself away. The whole book, open it where I will, is murmurous with indications."

It should not, however, be assumed, as some authors are ready to assume, that because a reviewer is swift in his judgments, he is swift only to condemn. Mr. Bennett, who has been able to look at the matter from the point of the reviewer as well as of the novelist, is emphatic that this is not the case.

"I feel convinced," he writes, "nay, I know, that on the whole novelists get a little more than justice at the hands of their critics. I can recall many instances in which my praise has, in the light of further consideration, exceeded the deserts of a book; but very, very few in which I have cast a slur on genuine merit. Critics usually display a tendency towards a too generous kindness, particularly Scottish reviewers; it is almost a rule of the vocation. Most authors, I think, recognize this pleasing fact. It is only the minority, rabid for everlasting laudation, who carp; and, carping, demand the scalps of multiple-reviewers as a terrible example and warning to the smaller fry."

ONE often wonders on what principle books are chosen for inclusion in the series of cheap reprints. Take "Pamela," for instance, or the writings of Plotinus. The former is to appear in the next batch of "Everyman's Library," and the latter in "Bohn's Popular Library." How many people who do not care to give more than a shilling for a book, are anxious to read either "Pamela" or Plotinus? "Pamela" was one of the most successful novels ever written, and gained for its author a compliment unique in the history of literature. When it first appeared, the people of Slough used to assemble at the village forge while the blacksmith read the story aloud. As soon as he came to the passage where the heroine is happily married, his audience were so delighted that they insisted on ringing the church bells. Seldom has the reward of virtue been greeted with so much enthusiasm, but we doubt whether many modern readers will have patience to follow it to its fulfilment in the pages of a new edition of "Pamela."

Reviews.

AN EPIC OF ACTION.

"Panama: The Creation, Destruction, and Resurrection."
By PHILIPPE BUNAU-VARILLA. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE pleasant art of reviewing reviewers largely depends upon inquiry as to the nature of the weights which they employ in their appreciations. A century ago these were style, classical form, and perfection of detail; but now our literati despise such standards and judge rather by newness, self-expression, passionateness, character, and so on—perhaps a somewhat degenerate scheme of values. After all, what is it that gives a book some chance of immortality, which is perhaps, though not certainly, the final test of merit? Books are to the human race what, probably, most of the brain cells are to the individual—that is, store-houses of memories. The innumerable petty events which occur to all of us, the daily walks and conversations, the eatings and drinkings, the windings of watches, and even the opinions of the press, are apt to fade entirely, while certain events remain fixed in us; and these are generally events which are of direct importance to us or which give us new experiences. So it is, I think, with books. After the mass of literature which is poured out to-day is buried in the cemeteries called libraries, those which are records of great events, or of new experiences or perfectionings, are the ones most likely to remain alive; and I fancy that the critic of to-day would be astonished were he to come to life again several centuries hence at seeing which of the books of to-day are then remembered.

If we measure events by their value to humanity at large, we can scarcely place the construction of a canal so high as we should place great scientific discoveries or works of supreme art; but, after all, the genius of De Lesseps gave to the world an asset of prime importance in the Suez Canal; and the canal which now connects the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans may prove to be even more important. M. Bunau-Varilla's history of this great work should, for this reason alone, be of interest to humanity for a long time to come. But his book is more than the history of the undertaking; it is the history of the whole-hearted effort of one man—that is himself—to make the undertaking a success. It is the autobiography on paper of one who has already written his autobiography in history. The portrait in the frontispiece gives the book its own review from the outset. The broad head, aquiline nose, heavy moustache, fine chin, keen eyes, heavy-lapped over-lid (a feature so often well marked in the strongest administrators), and the expression of determination without laughter or melancholy, tell us what to expect. There is no higher type in the world than the best French type. Here is a man who makes a point and sticks to it.

The book itself (which is dedicated to his children) was written simultaneously in French and English. But the English is really French, and has gained for that reason. We are apt to sneer at the paragraphic style—the summative epigram, and the discontinuous progress by headlines; but, after all, life is short, and I for one prefer it to the dull English literary suet pudding. The book is divided into three dramatic acts. It begins with the first conception of the canal and the preliminary efforts made under the auspices of De Lesseps. At the outset there was a rivalry with the Nicaraguan scheme. "The French genius," says the author, "impelled by a desire for perfection and simplicity, chooses Panama. The Anglo-Saxon genius, under the influence of the desire to obtain, above all, a practical result with the least possible effort, chooses Nicaragua." The book is partly a history of this epic combat of ideas, ending in the climax of the victory of the French idea, won partly, however, by Anglo-Saxon efforts. Behind it all there is the enmity of the fates. M. Bunau-Varilla describes how, when he was a young engineer, he became impassioned with the scheme. He was sent to Panama shortly afterwards (1884) with a strong chance of dying of yellow fever within a few weeks or months. But he was not daunted; for his mother had said to him, "Suez is finished, but Panama remains to be made. Make it." The result was, however, that, owing to the rapid death of his seniors, he was soon left Acting-Director of the works of the canal; and evidently advanced them not a

little. He describes clearly the improvements of method introduced by himself; and the simplest methods are generally the best, but always the last thought-of, except by men of genius. He is angered by the *canard* that the French did little in the construction of the canal. I can support him there. When I went to Panama, in order to watch the commencement of the sanitary labors of the Americans there in 1904, I heard nothing but the highest praise of the previous work of the French. And this work was really wonderful. Last century we did not know how to prevent those great plagues, yellow fever and malaria, and the French and their workmen died like the forlorn hope of an attacking army. Bunau-Varilla himself only just escaped from an attack of the former disease. In addition, there were innumerable difficulties connected with local administration.

But the defeat of the French undertaking was not due to the failure of the fighters at the front, but, as so often happens, to the stupidity or meanness of certain people at the headquarters at home. He gives the story vividly—the mistake in the financial operations; the collapse of the great loan, the howls of the politicians; the ruin of the great De Lesseps—but he draws a veil over the infamous treatment to which he was subjected. Now, after many years, this man, who really knew the facts and was not one of the innumerable impostors who pretended to know them, vindicates the honor of that great name and the honesty of that great undertaking. It was a case where the jackals pulled down the hero just when triumph was in sight. Then followed the dark period of the "Destruction," when the works which, as the author explains, might have been completed in a very short time, were allowed to fall into abeyance. But, though the administration at headquarters had failed so signally, the workers themselves had not been vanquished; and the rest of the book describes the "Resurrection," brought about so largely by the valiant author, describes the efforts to obtain funds from Russia and elsewhere, finally ending in the diplomatic victory by which the Americans were persuaded to take over the Panama scheme from the ruined company. All this is written in French fire, which can be fierce as well as brilliant; and the author has not spared his criticisms. In the final success, as everyone knows, another force, that of medical investigation, came in to support the engineers; and of this I can speak with certainty. My own experiences have been in this line exactly those of the author; and I, too, can speak of a creation, a destruction, and a resurrection. Here, too, we see the efforts of the soldiers at the front when at the point of victory, suddenly ruined by those who kill with counsels in the safety of headquarters. . . . Thus the glory of the great French scheme of the Panama Canal passed finally from the French to the Americans; and so also has the glory of the great British scheme of the new tropical sanitation passed from the British to the Americans. The cause is the same in both countries. Distrust of the soldiers at the front, and trust in the men who fight with their tongues at home.

R. ROSS.

A LENGTHY INTERREGNUM.

"The House of Cecil." By G. RAVENSCROFT DENNIS. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. DENNIS is to be congratulated upon a volume that is excellent within the somewhat severe limitations (no fault of the author's) that inevitably attach to a book on this especial subject. His prose is pleasantly interrupted by quotation; genealogy happily diversified with anecdote; politics with scandal; and if only his own politics were not so one-sided, the work would certainly merit a wide appeal. The dashing, luckless, foolish Wimbledon, the most attractive of his race, the matrimonial difficulties of the Exeter branch, the pleasant demesnes of Burleigh House and Hatfield, the amazing figure of "Old Sarum"—surely the best example of the eighteenth-century *grande dame*—are laid before us with assurance and charm. And when a Cecil emerges into fame, and the canvas must be expanded to fit the larger stage, Mr. Dennis's historical purviews are admirably calculated to entertain, though not in the same degree to illuminate, the lay reader.

But here, alas! must be an end to compliment. For the book by no means satisfies the student; nor its subject the enthusiast. It is not Mr. Dennis's fault entirely. No book could. The subject cannot be made into a book, at any rate, of this length and kind. Time, that has mellowed into a venerable splendor the quaint, truncated cliffs of brickwork at Hatfield, has long conferred the highest patent of nobility upon the Tudor parvenus. The descendants of those self-made Cecils who, perforce, spent anxious hours thinking out ancestors, designing charges, or crushing that sinister and persistent rumor which attributed to them an interest in a prosperous hotel at Stamford, are numbered at length among those of our territorial aristocrats whose quality defies the least impeachment. We turn, then, with respect and anticipation to the record of their house, but we discover, with surprise and disappointment, that, having produced the Lord Treasurer Burleigh and his son Mr. Secretary Cecil, afterwards Treasurer and the first Earl of Salisbury, the family failed to produce a single offspring distinguished for any quality other than stupidity until the birth of the third Marquis in 1830. And he sprang from the inferior of the two branches, for the Exeter line was at least useful in its shire. We are far from denying the signal services rendered to this country by the three intelligent Cecils; but when, in the face of these facts, Mr. Dennis allows his peroration to soar into superlatives about the hereditary principle and the "great bulwarks" of tradition, we refuse inevitably to admire or to suffer a whole genealogy of incompetents on the ground that some day or other they may breed a diplomatist. It was seldom possible even to job the rest of them into office; and the most picturesque figure of them all—the wretched trimmer who cries sadly in Macaulay: "Oh, God, I turned too soon, I turned too soon!" is rather an admonition than an inspiration. We do not deny that the "Regna Cecilianæ" of the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries are distinguished episodes in the national annals; but the interregnum was, we think, over-long.

The chapters on Burleigh and on Sir Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, are decidedly interesting. No one will grudge these two able administrators the credit of carrying on, with great if pedestrian ability, the work of developing that very efficient administrative *régime* which had been inaugurated by Thomas Cromwell and his myrmidons, and with which the Cecils had been identified since Somerset had made Sir William Master of Requests in his Court of Poor Men's Causes. Nor must we complain if they lacked sufficient imagination to develop it on such lines as would ensure its stability, so that its eventual atrophy procured the fall of the Stuarts. It was from beginning to end a *régime*, and not a system. Burleigh's work as Minister alike for Public Safety and for General Security—to employ a later analogy—is recognized. His employment of Doughty is forgiven. His son shone as a bright star in that infamous circle of James's Court. He was identified with Bancroft in the definition of the *Ecclesia Anglicana*. His "Great Contract" was ingenious and unlucky. It is certain he could not have saved Raleigh: he tried harder than the rest to save the Palatinate. His intrigues with James towards the end of the great Queen's reign, at any rate, helped to prevent the new dynasty from being (in Seely's phrase) "founded on a recantation."

But, impossible as it is to expand usefully the story of the intermediate generations of the family, it is equally futile to contrast the history of Lord Burleigh, of the First Earl, and of the Third Marquis, with the dimensions permitted to it by the length of this book, if the book is to help the historian. On this count, indeed, the author a little disarms criticism by saying that he makes no claim to have discovered anything new about the Lord Treasurer. To which we must add that the same is true of his chapters on his son: and that we cannot yet speak shortly or finally of the Third Marquis. In the latter case, in fact, the present is a singularly ill-chosen moment for an estimate. His early phases, "intransigent" on the reform of the Commons House, "politique" on the reform of the Lords, are perhaps ready for judgment. In several of its aspects, history has already pronounced a verdict on the Treaty of Berlin. But who, now, shall venture to dogmatize about Wei-hai-wei, about Heligoland, about South Africa, about Ireland? The relation of the Russian Empire to our own

remains a vital problem, and the effect of the Salisbury diplomacy on its development is yet a matter for the gods alone to contemplate. Nor does the intemperance of Mr. Dennis improve his chance of dealing profitably with these questions. "Gladstone's reckless and demoralizing Irish legislation," "Sound Conservative principles," "The disastrous failure of the Government (of 1880) in Ireland, their blindness, shortcomings, and misadventures abroad"—slovenly phrases like these do not help the honest historian one iota.

We are driven to look for the real value and the novel contribution of the book in the parallel which Mr. Dennis draws between the character, talents, and services of Lord Burleigh, and those of the third Marquis. Here, again, the nature of the subject must cheat the writer of a 300-page book of any permanently valuable result. That all these famous Cecils—Burleigh, the Earl, and the Marquis—were essentially "politiques" in the cast of their public characters—suggestive rather of the "common policeman," shall we say? than of the "high-spirited gentleman"—is an historical commonplace. But to sound the depths of Burleigh's Secretaryship we must go to the sources, we must use footnotes; we cannot confine ourselves to fifty odd pages. It is easy to say that the wise and cautious things were done by Cecil, and the clever, spacious, dangerous things by the Queen, because the Queen passes in history for a man and Burleigh for an official. But a new view of Burleigh must attempt to attribute initiative to one figure or another of that interesting group. If the question is asked: Who really did the most to effect that brilliant diplomatic triumph, the Edinburgh Treaty of 1560? perhaps no one can answer. Mr. Dennis does not try.

Possibly their homes—Burleigh House by Stamford Town, lost Theobalds, and mellow Hatfield—are after all the finest things the Cecils ever did. About these there is, at any rate, no question.

AN ORTHODOX REVOLT.

"The Church Revival." By S. BARING-GOULD. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

OUTSIDE the ranks of its professed adherents, the Oxford Movement seems to have met with the very scantiest measure of sympathy or understanding from English people. Matthew Arnold, indeed, acknowledges the "keen longing for beauty and sweetness," which, at any rate, in part, inspired it; but the majority of its critics, not being its professional advocates, appear to have been afflicted with a sort of spiritual color-blindness with regard to it. In this they have truly reflected and represented the opinion of the great British public from the first. Many excellent people have held—indeed, still hold—that the whole thing was the result of a deliberate conspiracy, the carrying out in England of a plot devised in Rome. It seems incredible that any reasonable human being should ever have believed this; at least anyone who knows that the human spirit possesses such faculties and capabilities as awe, wonder, tenderness, romance, that we live by admiration, hope, and love, or that the restless heart of man seeks in religion the object and the satisfaction of these capacities and desires. It is difficult, again, to see how anyone can imagine that the pre-Tractarian religion in England had any adequate satisfaction for them.

The curious thing about the movement is that cradled as it was in the most intense conservatism, theological and political, and offering its message under the most ultra-Conservative, indeed, reactionary and antiquarian, forms, it should yet have been, as a matter of actual fact, so largely liberating and emancipating in its effects. It is not too much to say that the religion it attacked and displaced, when not merely a comfortable formalism, was a spiritual tyranny of the most oppressive kind. Numberless witnesses have borne, and still can bear, testimony to the truth of this statement. The Tractarian movement did more to dissolve that heavy frost than any amount of Rationalism could have done. Countless young people with devotional instincts, and with no idea of doing without Christianity in some form or other, who yet had suffered for the prejudices and prohibitions of the prevailing form, grasped with eagerness at a

system under which it was possible to be at once orthodox and light-hearted, and of which one of the most cherished practices was the ridicule of Puritan and Sabbatarian shibboleths. Many, at any rate, of the followers of the Tractarians, for all their antiquarian disguise, were essentially rebels. They were in full revolt, not against Christianity itself, as would probably have been the case if their lot had been cast on the Continent, but against a stifling Puritanism, on the one hand, and a comfortable, conventional religion on the other. They ridiculed the smug, insular self-satisfaction with the existing Church of England, her scriptural doctrine and incomparable liturgy. Newman himself desired for the bishops, as the most blessed termination of their course, "the spoiling of their goods and martyrdom." "Who would go back to the days of old Tory humbug?" exclaimed Hurrell Froude. They were, we repeat, in one word, rebels against the existing ecclesiastical and theological state of things.

The venerable author of the book before us, Mr. Baring-Gould, has always struck us as one such humanist rebel against oppressive religionism and dull convention. On every page we read of the "pomposity," the "unctuous twaddle," the "cult of ugliness" of the pre-Tractarian days. Here, for instance, is a quotation from a letter which he gives:—

"In 1853, when Easter holidays came, I went to spend them with a certain Low Church incumbent in a Midland manufacturing town. I found my sister staying there as well; she was utterly miserable, and I speedily discerned the reason. The clergyman was a rank Calvinist, and his wife had been brought up as a Scottish Presbyterian. The house was regulated throughout on the severest Puritan system. If my sister and I were merry and laughed, then in the evening, in the extemporary prayer, put up before the servants and visitors, we were prayed for to be delivered from the spirit of levity. I had brought a Shakespeare with me; this was discovered, and I was required to keep it locked up in my portmanteau. I asked for a book to read, and I was offered the 'Dairymans Daughter,' or 'Elliot on the Apocalypse,' which latter I thought sank to an abysmal depth of silliness I had before thought inconceivable. I have visited Croese and Blackwell's factory when they were making pickles and have found the whole atmosphere impregnated with vinegar and the smell of gherkins" (from internal evidence, by the way, we should say that the writer of this letter was Mr. Baring-Gould himself). "It appeared to me that I was in a religious pickle manufactory, where the air was charged with sour fumes, enough to set the teeth on edge."

The revulsion from this kind of atmosphere made the Tractarians many converts. How delightful their bright services, short sermons, and Sunday cricket must have seemed after all this!

Mr. Baring-Gould carries his own Liberalism, indeed, to much greater lengths than the Fathers of the Tractarian movement would have approved. This is seen, for instance, in his references to the Old Testament. Speaking of the sermons he heard as a boy he says:—

"We had to endure every year the same platitudes on 'Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?' . . . or a labored apology for that infamous act of treachery by Joel, the wife of Heber."

We have ourselves been told, by the way, by a convert to the Roman Church, that one great advantage of going to Mass was that one no longer had to listen to such narratives as the slaughter of Ahab's seventy sons, but heard only the Epistle and Gospel. To mention something much more important, we seem to remember other books of Mr. Baring-Gould's, notably one on St. Paul, in which he goes to the very verge of denying that the Death on the Cross was a Sacrifice, in any true and proper sense. This is certainly not the doctrine of such "Catholics" as St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Austin. It is indeed too often forgotten that the whole group of doctrines which caused so great a repulsion in England, the eternity of punishment, the penal Atonement, the verbally inspired Bible, are held in an exaggerated form by Rome. But it is the ills we know that actually oppress us: the Inquisition is a far-off tale, "Elliot on the Apocalypse" a really present plague.

The Tractarian leaders had no thought of being humanists. Their followers, from Mr. Baring-Gould to Mr. Chesterton, have been largely leavened by humanism. But this is by no means the whole of the matter. "Humanists, yes," they might reply; "Liberals, yes, in the true meaning of those words, but also in the true meaning of the word,

Christians." The movement was no doubt æsthetic; to regard it as merely æsthetic is surely, as we began by saying, spiritual color-blindness. If the satisfaction to which it ministered was a merely æsthetic one, why are so many people not altogether insensible to either artistic or spiritual beauty, bored to weariness, to tears, to death, to extinction by the faultless rendering of high-class music in some Broad Church fane hung round with masterpieces of the late Mr. G. F. Watts? They do not find in these things what they find in the "Revelations" of the Mother Julian of Norwich, or Jan Van Eyck's "Adoration of the Lamb" at Ghent.

Let it be granted that the original Tractarians were the crabbedest and most obscurantist of old Tories, political and ecclesiastical, fumbling among their mouldy tomes to find weapons with which to fight a growing popular enlightenment and put back the clock of time some ten centuries or so, the question remains what actually came of their fumbling and searching, what was the result of it? Sir William Robertson Nicoll, that acute and discerning critic, himself a Presbyterian, confesses that High Churchmen possess a "something" which Nonconformists do not possess. He excepts two of the latter from this judgment: Dr. Dale of Birmingham and Dr. Milligan of Aberdeen. If we remember, he expressly mentions Dr. Alexander Whyte of Edinburgh as lacking in this. We ourselves consider Dr. Whyte as the finest of living preachers, but to us also he appears to want the "something."

What is the "something"—the pearl of great price which, groping about among the early centuries, the Tractarians found, and of which all their ritual, art, and music was the setting? They were thinking about the Anglican Church, safeguarding its prerogatives, even its property; they were looking for the Apostolic Succession as the secure basis on which its privileges were to rest; but they came constantly on something deeper, on that which is the essence and the life of Christianity itself. The experience of the present writer cannot be singular; but, as a boy—nay, as a child—he was dimly conscious of something different, something which he could not put his finger upon, but which was certainly there; something more profound, more awful, more tender in those prayers and hymns which came into his way which might be called "Catholic," than in any teaching he had hitherto known. This "something" was no doubt the idea of the Incarnation, considered not merely as a means, but as an end, as something cosmic, central, as the one Divine Event. The view implied, if not expressly stated, was that of the sentence of the Scotist schoolmen: "Etiam si homo non pecasset, Deus tamen Incarnatus esset." From this hidden spring in the eternal hills flowed the stream of Tractarian wonder, awe, and tenderness, refreshing the arid Victorian plain, and starring its parched grass with flowers. The early Tractarians were not concerned immediately with the Incarnation. They accepted doctrines which they found in the Fathers and the Caroline Divines, which they held as disconnected mysteries, only kept together by their principle of submission to the authority of the Church. This seems to have been especially the case with Newman. The idea of the Incarnation as the sum and substance of all Christian teaching, on which it all depended, and from which it was all derived, first appeared in the book on this great mystery by Robert Isaac Wilberforce. The strength and attraction of the movement lies undoubtedly in this idea. Sacramentalism is included in it doubtless; so is liberalism, so is humanism. The following verse of a hymn is typical of the Oxford teaching:—

"With awe and wonder Angels see
How changed is Man's estate by Thee;
How flesh makes pure as flesh did stain,
And Thou, true God, in flesh dost reign."

It cannot reasonably be urged that such a doctrine has but a remote and uncertain bearing on everyday human life. We quote another characteristic Tractarian verse:—

"Thou art the Eternal Mirror bright,
Where Angels view the Father's light,
But yet in Thee the simplest swain
May read his homely lesson plain."

The mouldy, musty patristic chrysalis enfolded an extraordinarily brilliant and beautiful butterfly.

CURÉ DE CAMPAGNE.

MINOR VERSE.

"England's Garland." By GEORGE BARTRAM. (Macmillan 2s. 6d. net.)

"Cor Cordium." By ALFRED WILLIAMS. (Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Attra Troll." From the German of HEINRICH HEINE. By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER. With an Introduction by Dr. OSCAR LEVY, and some Pen and Ink Sketches by WILLY POGÁNY. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Translations from Catullus." By R. LENNARD DAVIS. (Bell. 3s. net.)

IF thirty-seven volumes of current verse are sent to a reviewer and he is asked to select, say, half-a-dozen for consideration, what is he going to do, if he fails to find one example of durable poetic quality? What sort of criterion is he to set himself? He may, on the one hand, ignore the canons of poetic excellence and devote himself to the claims of individuality, which, after all, is the front door to any form of æsthetic activity worth its salt. Of course, this individuality may be mannerism, or bluster, or idiosyncrasy, or vanity, or what you will; but still it is something, some kind of a landmark in a plain of convention, imitation, and mediocrity. Or, he may stick to his last and, if he cannot advertise beauty herself, may attach himself to her camp-followers—symmetry, order, adequacy, shapeliness, competent workmanship, anything which may be reckoned as a decent achievement outside the sovereign and authentic magic of inspiration. He may not find either one or the other, but he ought, if he is patient and tolerant, to look for both, and to discover water even in the poetasters' wilderness.

In so far as Mr. George Bartram might just as well have written "England's Garland" in prose, he is not a poet. But rhyme and metre are all the same a ready enough medium for his robust personality. He has, indeed, everything against him. He has not an idea of the art of writing—that is to say, of adapting and modulating a definite medium of expression to the specific purpose of his utterance. He does not neglect the precision of a self-conscious craftsmanship; he merely does not know what it means. He pitches himself into the page like a savage beating his drum at a religious festival. He is frequently obscure, turgid, and academic. He takes violent liberties with language. He bristles with learning. These are faults enough, but they are probably the excrescences of vitality. For what he possesses is force and the power to communicate it. Here is an extract chosen at random from "The Ranting Pilgrim":—

"By this fair light, an' I could have my way,
Oh blithe conceit! On bungler's cask astride,
And straw-begarlanded, the livelong day—
Red Doll and tawny Joan at my side—
Through London Town I would in triumph go,
And at my heels a gallimaufry tow
Of clowns and bearherds, cudgellers and mimes,
Full-cheeked extorter of the bagpipe's drone,
Daft knights of cleaver and of marrowbone,
And rascal jongleurs, chanting ragged rhymes."

Mr. Williams, who has earned just praise as the author of "Poems in Wiltshire," possesses exactly the same quality as Mr. Bartram—virility, only it is at once more tempered and more passionate. He is a simple and genuine poet, simple because he is not tempted away into decorative effects, alien from the singleness and spontaneity of his lyrical impulse, and genuine because he breathes the utmost strength of his spirit into every line and phrase. He is circumscribed neither in the concentration nor the intensity of this impulse, but in its range. He is not by any means profound, but the energy and feeling which quicken his expression are sufficient in themselves to create a responsiveness in the reader which registers the vicissitudes in the mood and sensibilities of the poet. That is a great quality, and one which no poet, however exalted his inspiration, can do without. A large number of these poems are love-songs, and they suit his temper far better than his more ambitious aspirations, where he is liable to lose intimacy of touch in a tendency to barren disquisition. His strength does not lie in introspection or in analysis of the more subtle manifestations of the soul, but in the clear and exquisite treatment of a common sentiment. His verse is not easy to quote from, because its rays do not shine out

in a sudden radiance. This, however, may serve as an example of his dignified and unaffected melody:—

"But when love bloweth cold,
My mind is dark with doubt,
And Nature seemeth old,
And the high hills about
Re-whiten with the blast,
And streams with frozen locks
Grow mute and overcast
Among the blue-cold rocks."

With Mr. Scheffauer's translation of Heine's "Attra Troll" we take leave of personality and settle down to the sobrieties of verse-making. In spite of Dr. Levy's exhortations, we are not, and never were, inclined to take Heine very seriously in this extravaganza, with its blends of mood, fancy, theory, and prejudice. It is a rather distracted piece of work, neither sustained nor unified enough to be really effective satire. It is a study in temperament rather than a serious contribution either to poetic values or political thought. It bears all over it the marks of haste and carelessness. But what it has got is Heine's peculiar felicity in nimbleness and mobility of expression. And of this Mr. Scheffauer can make nothing whatever. Heine has suffered enough from his translators, but we have never seen so cold and lifeless an image of him as this rendering of *Attra Troll*. It is accurate and faithful craftsmanship, but it is so academic, so much of an exercise, as to freeze the very breath of his genius. It is putting Oberon into a dinner jacket:—

"I am even fain to think
She is verging on the can-can,
For her shameless wagging hints
Of the gay *grande chaumière*."

Indeed, so anxious is Mr. Scheffauer to preserve the letter of the original that he would have been much fairer to Heine, had he hidden his baldness in prose rather than displayed it in verse.

Just as Catullus is rather like Heine (much more so than he is like Oscar Wilde, with whom the translator compares him), so Mr. Davis's renderings of him resemble those of Mr. Scheffauer in "Attra Troll." Perhaps this is unjust to Mr. Davis, for his verse is often polished and effective. But he is like Mr. Scheffauer in this respect—that he introduces an element into his translation which is entirely incongruous with his original. Just as it mutilates Heine to make him bald and limp, so it paralyzes Catullus to make him sophisticated. That is just Mr. Davis's fault. He turns Catullus's infinite grace and sweetness into the elegant cubes of sugar which are the embellishment of afternoon tea.

STONE WALLS AND IRON BARS.

"Prisons and Prisoners: Some Personal Experiences." By CONSTANCE LYTTON and JANE WARTON, Spinster. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

IN a book by Lady Constance Lytton, one would, in any case, expect a good deal about woman suffrage and "militancy." Everyone knows that she was prominent among the militant suffragists until she became partially paralyzed nearly two years ago, shortly after her fourth imprisonment. Twice she was charged with going on deputations to the Prime Minister in London, once with throwing a stone at a motor, in protest against the forcible feeding of political offenders—that was during Mr. Lloyd George's visit to Newcastle in October, 1909. The fourth charge was of leading a deputation to the Governor's house at Walton Gaol, Liverpool, in January, 1910, to petition against the treatment of two women imprisoned there.

On this occasion, as is well known, she went disguised as a working woman, under the name of Jane Warton. She believed that at Newcastle she, in common with Mrs. Brailsford, had received different treatment from the other suffragist prisoners, owing to her position in society and politics, and so had escaped forcible feeding, to which they were exposed. Her test was certainly successful. After four days' hunger-strike, she was subjected to forcible feeding, which was continued from the Tuesday to the Sunday, with great pain and other effects, which she here describes. No preliminary medical examination was made, though at Newcastle she had

been released on the plea of heart-weakness. The wardresses held her down, the doctor prized her mouth open with a steel gag, sat on her knees to keep her still, and slapped her face when the food was vomited. Then her identity was discovered, and she was immediately released. The exposure of the inequality of prison treatment seems to be complete, and it was carried out with great resolution.

Apart from the personal side, however, the book has a wider interest as an accurate picture of modern prison life, and of its effect both upon the officials and the prisoners. The author writes a peculiarly quiet and deliberate style. Detail is added to detail till, as has been well said, the result is like the work of a Russian writer. Perhaps this method is partly due to the paralysis (the first symptom of which appeared a few months after the forcible feeding, but passed away for a time). All the writing had to be painfully done with the left hand, so that a certain directness and brevity of language were likely. But the mind must be singularly observant. Nothing escapes it. No detail of surroundings or of the personalities of men and women passes unnoticed. It is minutely exact in the practical sphere of woman's interest—the washing, the food, clothes, medicine, and manners. The style throughout is concrete and humorous rather than passionate. And this quietude and clearness of vision give all the greater value to the ultimate judgments upon the effects of prison life.

Take, for instance, these passages about the official manner or mask which develops in our gaols even more than in other State institutions. On her first imprisonment, Lady Constance Lytton writes:—

"I noticed that there was no inflection in the voice when speaking to prisoners, nor did the wardresses look at them when addressing them. As a prisoner, it was almost impossible to look in the eyes of my keepers; they seemed to fear that direct means of communication. It was as if the wardresses wore a mask, and withdrew, as much as possible, all expression of their own personality, or recognition of it in the prisoner."

At first, she says, the result seemed farcical; but afterwards it made a chilling, deadening impression. All the more welcome was the contrast in the senior medical officer of that gaol:—

"He spoke in an ordinary voice, his expression of face and the things he said were quite natural, he treated me as though I were an ordinary mortal. After even twelve hours of prison customs this seemed a remarkable and gladdening thing. Up to that moment I had incessantly wished that I should some day be able to tell the officials the entirely harmful impression conveyed by their manner to the prisoners. . . They looked and spoke in this way, not to serve their private ends, but in compliance with some strangely mistaken tradition, as a matter of conformity."

Some of the most vivid passages in the book are the accounts of moments when the official mask broke down under the stress of human sympathy, and for a time revealed the natural and beautiful personality obscured beneath. But of at least equal importance to humanity is the author's description of the effects of prison upon the prisoners themselves. "All prison sensations," she writes, "are exaggerated from the point of view of those out of prison. That is their essential characteristic." No doubt, connected with this exaggeration is the conviction, so familiar to all prisoners, that they are entirely forgotten, and that their friends care for them no more. Partly from this conviction arises the despair which fills all our prisons with wire netting over the staircases, and other elaborate precautions against suicide. But this despair also arises from the chaplain's reiterated condemnation of the prisoners' sins. How one sympathizes with a gaunt old working woman who, during one of these discourses, stood up and, with tears running down her furrowed cheeks, exclaimed: "Oh, sir, don't be so hard on us!"

From the preacher's sin of self-righteousness, at all events, prisoners are delivered. It is impossible for them to hurt or insult a fellow-prisoner. As Lady Constance Lytton says, the call of a common blood may be strong, but the call of a common fate is stronger, and "the bond of the outcast needs no seal." As to the process of imprisonment as a whole, she writes:—

"Sometimes, in momentary reaction from the pent-up feelings of indignation and revolt, which were chronic with me during my imprisonments, I could have laughed out loud at

the imbecility and pathos of human fallibility, that civilized educated beings could continue such processes by way of ridding themselves from the dangers and active harmfulness of crime."

A MAN AND HIS WIFE.

"A Lady and Her Husband." By AMBER REEVES. (Heinemann. 6s.)

IN "The Reward of Virtue," Miss Amber Reeves showed the steps by which a middle-class girl succumbs to the ideas of her class. "A Lady and Her Husband," though not so artistically executed, goes more to the root of the social muddle which it seeks to analyze. To guard her work strategically against the charge of "bitterness"—a charge with which the ordinary reader repels any unwelcome, truthful picture—the author has been at pains to be conspicuously fair to her masculine characters, James Heyham and his son, Trent. It is a pity that the main subject—the relative responsibility of a middle-class employer and his wife for the sweated employees of their business, worth £30,000 a year—could not have been staged with characters more sharply typical than the Heyhams.

Mrs. Heyham, a sweet and gentle character, is the old-fashioned type of woman who has never thought for herself, but has taken her opinions on trust from her able, dominating husband and her clever daughters, Laura and Rosemary. But when Laura marries and Rosemary becomes engaged, the family feel that mother ought to have some wider interests to keep her mind occupied, and, with her husband's approval, and a paid lady secretary to assist her, Mrs. Heyham begins her new work of "helping" the female employees in the teashops of the "Imperial Refreshments, Ltd." It is not very probable that the astute James would have encouraged such a dangerous departure as this, and we may say here that one of the inner weaknesses of the story is that James is too automatic in his mental processes as kindly husband and sharp business man; but, anyway, when Mrs. Heyham has returned from visiting teashops, her timid little list of reforms in the treatment of the waitresses is frowned at by James. "Modern business conditions," it seems, are incompatible with Mary's humanitarian aims, and, after all, eleven shillings a week is a good wage for a girl who is provided for in a comfortable, well-to-do home, even though she has to pay for her fares, fines, insurance, and for her caps, cuffs, collars, and aprons. The "Imperial" makes a point of only employing girls who have families comfortably off. By accident, however, Mrs. Heyham finds her way into one of these "comfortable homes," and little by little it dawns on her that her husband's firm is sweating its employees mercilessly, and that the family income of £30,000 a year is made out of the long hours and starvation wage of this typical industry. It happens that half the business, started by her own father, is Mrs. Heyham's own property; but her proposal to forego a third of the family's profit is scouted by James as impracticable. The future of the business as a public company has to be considered, not to speak of the position of the son, Trent, as Lady Iredale's prospective son-in-law. James further proves to his wife that "with the present commercial system" a business must either keep on growing or it will die, and that by raising the waitresses' wages she will be using her money in the wrong way. "The question of women in industry is a very serious one, and what is wanted are trade schools and extending the principle of insurance."

But though James triumphs in argument, he shatters the whole fabric of his wife's life-creed. She sees in a flash that all the long years of married life he has only pretended to share with her her thought and emotion, that his business has always come a long way before her, in his eyes; and in her wounded recoil and isolation, she realizes that she has not loved God. "She had loved James, served James, and now she knew that the love of James's wife was not for her." With considerable skill the author prepares us for Mrs. Heyham's struggle for enlightenment and her subsequent revolt by meaning little scenes, scattered through the story, of sex-conflict and love crises between the girls, Laura and Rosemary, and their men. The birth of Laura's boy, for example, raises the whole problem of man's supremacy in the woman's consciousness, of her fundamental desire to sacrifice herself

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to him, and to see life through his eyes and his love. Again, at Rosemary's marriage, the mother's spasmodic hatred of the son-in-law who is carrying off her daughter "into his cruel man's world," is born of the shock of her discovery, that very day, that James has been unfaithful to her. It is femininely clever of the author to let the stab of masculine infidelity be the means of opening the gentle lady's eyes to the great background of issues looming behind the woman's movement to-day. Though we feel a little sceptical as to Mrs. Heyham's enhanced powers of acute social reasoning, we must admit that she finds many instruments ready to her hand; for example, her lady secretary, Miss Percival. This lady, in her attitude, is a spokeswoman of the feminine revolt against the blindness of masculine self-complacency. "Men have taken the whole world and made it theirs; everything we have in it is only ours, now, because they choose to give it us. We haven't even a right to our own children. They're not interested in us, they don't want to know what we are in ourselves, or what we think of our lives; it saves them trouble to call us mysteries. They're our masters, and they're strangers to us; they're our masters, and if we show that we are unhappy, they're bored." So runs her indictment. Miss Percival is, in fact, a victim of masculine egoism, and when she has resigned her secretaryship, and Mrs. Heyham learns by accident that James is reconstructing the "Imperial Refreshments, Ltd." behind her back, with the object of turning it into a public company, she takes a sudden resolution and runs away from her home, in order to "think things out." And she does not leave James her address.

The seventy closing pages, the most important in the book, aptly illustrate the difficulty of keeping a problem novel on the plane of art. That the author has succeeded in keeping our sympathy with Mrs. Heyham without putting her husband and son too much in the wrong, is proof of her fair-mindedness. Nevertheless, the naturalness of the human drama is sacrificed to Miss Amber Reeves's brilliant philosophical exposition of her thesis. Mrs. Heyham, safe from James's masterfulness, and the treacherous cowardice of her affections, discovers, first of all, that "James's business was his life," and, secondly, that the various lies he has told her "were the price he had to pay for her comfort of mind and ignorance of evil." Her train of reflections leads her, next, to the surprising discovery that she would have been indignant if her son-in-law had refused to forgive her daughter for the sin she herself has refused to forgive James. This singularly clairvoyante woman, "released from the strain of her wrath and the rigidity of her injured virtue," now pushes her conclusions further, and admits that in her twenty-seven years of married happiness she hasn't cared enough to find out that James had built up the family fortune by "disabling his clerks from marrying and by driving his girls on to the streets." And she has weakly given in to her husband's arguments simply because she has feared that he and Trent might come to think badly of her! "They had thought badly—and she had been terrified. The girls might be crippled by standing or die of consumption, but she, whose profits they made, must keep James's good opinion." That attitude had held good until she had found that James had sinned against herself, not merely against others.

At this our readers may shift a little uneasily in their seats, and feel that Mrs. Heyham is a little too ahead of her time to be a comfortable acquaintance, but the author's scheme skilfully reconciles woman's deepest social instincts with the moral conscience of our social reformers. In some brilliant persuasive pages, Miss Amber Reeves defines the "different standards of value" of the sexes. "Men do not think as women do in terms of health and happiness, but in terms of knowledge, of riches, and power." It is not James's business to think of whether he is serving the race or not, but "to impose his idea on his environment and . . . an impulse drives him to achieve his ends recklessly, ruthlessly, through any depth of suffering and conflict." It is because "men are busy with their personal ambitions that they have mastered the world and filled it with the wealth of civilization. Contrariwise, the single end of women is the service and care of human beings . . . the instinct to love people, to feed them, to keep them healthy and happy." There is enough truth in this generalization to drive home the deduction that women have got to recapture "their hold on a world that the modern craving for size and complexity had taken away from

women." It is true, when we come to review successive historical periods, that we begin to doubt whether in primeval or classical, or medieval or modern times, woman has ever been more than man's "camp follower" in the author's illuminating phrase. But if she hasn't, all the more reason that the educated woman should yet enlarge the boundaries of her life, and turn her hand to the work that awaits her outside the walls of "the elegant and empty modern home." We think that every intelligent reader will find the author's thesis unanswerable. Men have built up the conditions of modern industrialism, and "women have let them do it," and so, since James naturally looks on the workers as "his material, his instruments," and is impatient of poverty and helplessness, "the poor girls in the restaurants" are less his charge than his wife's. Obviously, she and her sisters have been led too long to shirk their real plain duty. When Mrs. Heyham has puzzled this out she sits down and writes a letter to James, and James forthwith surrenders when he realizes that she is bent on making him the "most blatantly spotlessly ostentatious model employer in England." He sees his advantage in the new ideal, and we leave him posing and preparing the speech which will bring him into Parliament.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Random Recollections." By R. CATON WOODVILLE. (Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)

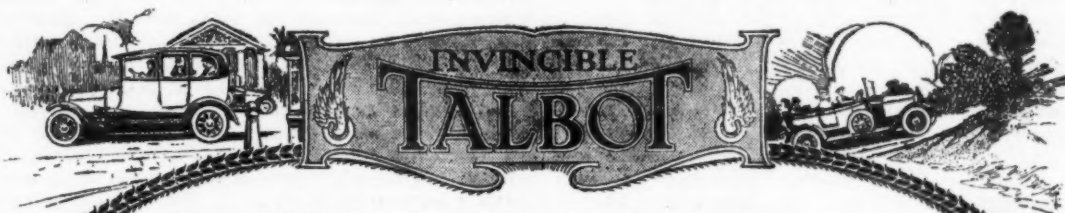
MR. CATON WOODVILLE began his study of art in Düsseldorf, and among his recollections there is a good deal about dancing and duelling in that German town. He came to London when the Russo-Turkish War was in full swing, and with the acceptance of one of his drawings by the "Illustrated London News" his career as an artist of battle-pictures began in earnest. He has sold pictures to Queen Victoria, painted portraits of King George and King Edward as well as other Royal personages, and a whole crowd of maharajahs. His visit to India with the Duke of Clarence enabled him to indulge his passion for big-game shooting, and his recollections include some exciting sporting adventures. The book also tells of happenings in Morocco and Egypt, his escapes in Montenegro and Albania, and of his less thrilling experiences among London Bohemians. Mr. Woodville has had a varied and stirring career, and his recollections, if random, are decidedly readable.

"R. L. S." By FRANCIS WATT. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

THE supply of, if not the demand for, books about Stevenson is almost inexhaustible, and we imagine there are few men of letters whose lives have been the subject of so much printed matter. Mr. Watt takes us once again over the familiar ground, in Edinburgh, in London, on the Continent, and in the South Seas. He tells us of the real persons who figure in "Kidnapped" and "Catriona," discourses of Stevenson as a letter-writer and dramatist, and gives us chapters on his religion, his character, and his style. It is all done with competence, and, except for a tendency to excessive admiration, with good judgment and proportion. There are, doubtless, many readers who will welcome his book, and we are bound to say that as an introduction to Stevenson's life and writings, it may prove distinctly useful. but for most people the subject has worn as threadbare as the history of the South African War.

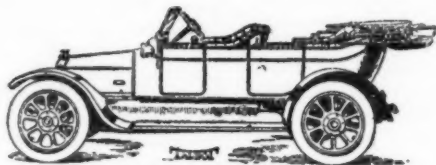
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The Week in the City.

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This week the London Stock Exchange really has begun to attribute its dulness and inactivity to Ulster. Not that the majority of its members believe that anything serious will happen. If they did, of course, Ulster securities would immediately fall, and, as a matter of fact, they are remarkably steady. But there are enough City men of the excitable and panicky type to be impressed by the terrifying headlines of the "Times," the "Daily Mail," and the "Pall Mall Gazette." Therefore, so the argument runs, we cannot expect another outburst of speculation until a settlement has been reached. However, there has been one important improvement in the situation. Since last week it has been ascertained that Brazil will be able to continue paying interest on its loans until the summer, and even the sinking fund payments are in no present danger. It is true that the commercial creditors of the Federal Government are clamoring for payment, and that much discontent exists. But most people now think that the situation will improve in the course of the next few months, and, consequently, the market has been repurchasing Brazils in spite of another decline in the Exchanges. The new Rothschild loan was certainly unduly depressed at 82½, and it has since rallied two or three points. In truth, if Brazil came to grief, there would not be much to choose between the various loans. Hence, if one wished to speculate, the new bonds are the ones to purchase. Meanwhile, Argentina is also in straits for money, and the tension is felt especially in Buenos Ayres. But it seems rather stiff to expect London to find ten millions sterling for the Argentine capital. Yet that is the amount of the issue which Messrs. Baring are expected to place in the course of the current year, beginning in a few days' time with a modest issue of five millions sterling! One of the events of the week has been the raising of the Bank of England's dividend to 5 per cent.; the long run of dear money last year is doubtless the explanation. Fortunately for commerce, the prospect now is for abundant supplies of cheap credit, as soon as April (i.e., the new financial year) releases the revenue which is now being collected with so much zeal by Somerset House and its myrmidons. Happily, one may add, Mr. Lloyd George's Estimates will again be exceeded; but in view of the Navy Estimates, new taxes can hardly be avoided.

MEXICAN DIVIDEND PROSPECTS.

The Mexican Railway's half-yearly dividend can generally be estimated within fairly close limits some months before the declaration is announced, because the company publishes monthly returns of gross and net revenue, so that the net receipts for the December half-year in Mexican currency are known about the end of January, while the dividend announcement follows in April. This time, however, the net receipts for the half-year are no guide to the probable amount which will be available for dividends, because the average rate of exchange at which they will have been transmitted to this country is far below the normal rate of about 24d. The net receipts for the half-year

amounted to \$2,371,000 (Mexican), which, in ordinary circumstances, would have realized about £230,000. Against the net revenue there has to be charged £60,000 in respect of interest on the 6 per cent. Debenture Stock, and £12,750 for the 4½ per cent. Second Debentures. This time, however, the company will have done well if its exchange operations have been conducted on an average of 15d. or 16d., which would allow of sterling net receipts of £140,000 to £150,000, without allowing for any further loss in respect of the writing down of balances in Mexico. Net revenue of £150,000 would leave £77,250 available for the dividend on the First Preference stock, enabling a dividend of 6 per cent. to be paid, instead of the full 8 per cent. The stock at present stands at 113, while the Second Preference is about 68, and the Ordinary stock 34. The prices look rather high in the circumstances, but it must not be forgotten that before the Revolution the prospects of the line looked splendid, and the market is living in hopes of an early settlement of the troubles, which will permit of the resumption of that progress. Another factor at the moment is the presence of a very considerable "bear" account in the stocks, which might cause a sudden upward movement should the Mexican situation take a turn for the better.

SOUTH AMERICAN BONDS.

For Government bonds yielding 5 per cent. or more, writes a correspondent, the investor still has little scope outside South America, but these securities are not popular just now. Argentina has not yet emerged from a period of severe monetary stringency, while in Brazil monetary difficulties have produced worse troubles, and it is questionable whether the state of the country may not get worse before it improves. A few years ago, many of the 4 per cent. Brazilian loans stood upon a 4½ per cent. basis; now the best of her loans yield 5½ per cent., and the later ones are more nearly upon a 6 per cent. basis, which is more than is given by the bonds of any important South American Republic, as may be seen below:—

	Int. Due.	Price. Jan. 1, 1913.	Price. Jan. 1, 1914.	Present Price	Yield. £ s d.
Argentina 5% 1886-7...	Jan.-July	104	103½	101½	4 18 6
Do. 4% Rly. Res.					
Bonds ...	Jan.-July	91	88½	84	4 15 3
Do. 5% Loan 1910	Jan.-July	98	101½	100	5 0 6
Prov. of B. Ayres 3½%	Jan.-July	69½	67½	64½	5 8 6
Brazilian 4% 1889 ...	Apl.-Oct.	83½	74½	73	5 5 3
Do. 4% 1910 ...	Feb.-Aug.	84	75	68	5 17 8
Do. 5% 1913 ...	Apl.-Oct.	Issue Price	97	85½	5 17 0
State of Rio 5% ...	Apl.-Oct.	93½	86	80	6 5 0
Chilian 4½% 1886 ...	Jan.-July	94	94	91	4 19 0
Do. 5% 1896 ...	Jan.-July	100	98	96	5 4 0
Do. 5% 1911 ...	May-Nov.	100	94	96	5 4 0
Do. 5% Ann. Ser. A	May-Nov.	99	96	94	5 6 3
Uruguay 3½% Bonds	F. M. A. N.	71½	68½	69½	5 0 9
Do. 5% 1905 ...	J. A. J. O.	97	93	93½	5 7 0

Argentine bonds still command higher figures than any of the others, and the talk current a few years ago, to the effect that the credit of Brazil would soon be better than that of Argentina, seems absurd nowadays. This shows, however, the rapidity with which changes occur in the relative credit of these nations, and makes it impossible to say whether Brazilian bonds are cheap or dear at present prices. Undoubtedly, the country has possibilities, but they have been mortgaged over and over again. Argentina certainly has debt, but the country is much more developed, and the higher its state of development the less easily does a community slip back into barbarism—a by no means impossible event, as the recent history of Mexico has shown.

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